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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLII No. 1983 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 22 1938

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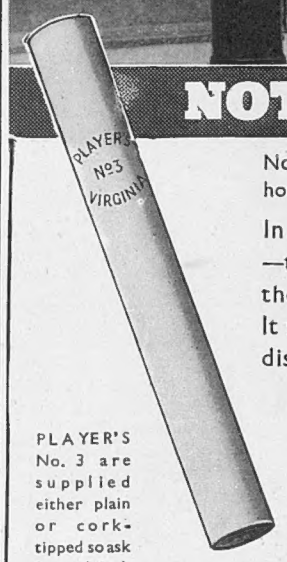

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The next article will appear on February 23.

Volume CLII No. 1983

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 22, 1938

EIRE'S LEADERS IN LONDON

Mr. J. W. Dulanty, the High Commissioner, with Mr. McEntee, Mr. de Valera, and Mr. Lemass, Three of the Four Delegates

There was a wild welcome from the London Irish for Mr. de Valera and his three colleagues when they arrived at Euston last Saturday for the series of talks with Mr. Chamberlain and members of the Cabinet which have been proceeding this week and out of which it is ardently hoped will eventually emerge a settlement of the points of difference between Britain and Eire. At the time of writing full details of the discussions are, of course, not available, but the composition of Mr. de Valera's team indicated from the start that economic relations, as affected by the withholding of land annuities on one side and the imposition of tariffs on the other, would receive very full consideration. After the first meeting on Monday it was made known that the problem of defence was broadly discussed, while on Tuesday the atmosphere became distinctly hopeful when it was rumoured that the issue of partition—a barrier to accord—was not threatening to bring an end to negotiations. Of the visiting delegates one of the most interesting is Mr. Sean Lemass, the Minister for Industry and Commerce, who is thirty-nine years of age, and is regarded by many as a probable successor to Mr. de Valera. He has for long been an able servant of Fianna Fail, and many remember him in his shop in Capel Street, Dublin, selling hats with one hand and taking in subscriptions for the cause with the other. To-day he travels enthusiastically up and down the country addressing political gatherings and consolidating the party machine

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

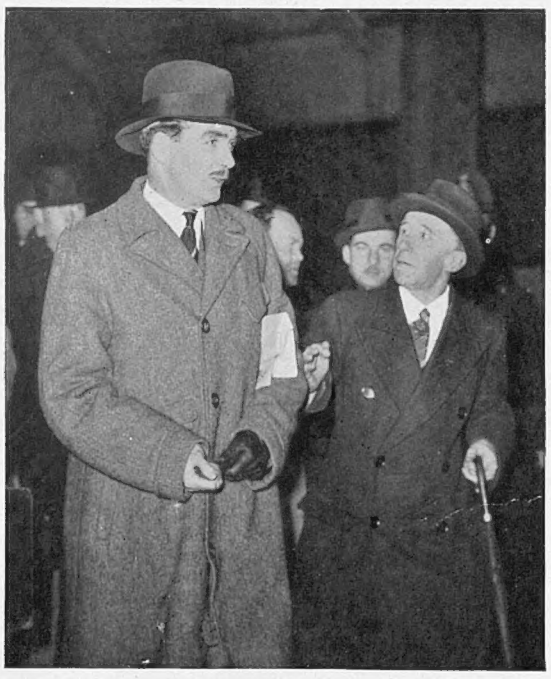
A LONDON

LONDONERS BATTLE WITH THE GALE: A composite picture illustrative of weather conditions last Saturday morning when, so fierce was the wind, city workers had quite a struggle getting to their offices. It was the worst storm of the winter to date, the gale varying in velocity in different parts of the country from 60 to very nearly 100 miles an hour. Two further pictures will be found on page 123 of this issue

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, January 19, 1938.

THE FRENCH CRISIS.—

M. Chautemps is out. His fall was not generally expected on the night of January 13. But he took his stand against exchange control in the midst of a panic flight from the franc and boldly announced, while pressing for a vote of confidence, that he did not desire Communist and Left wing Socialist support if those groups intended to continue their underground agitation for exchange control. Early on the morning of the 14th on this issue the Socialist members of the Government resigned and the Cabinet of M. Chautemps fell. He refused the President's request to try again. M. Deladier refused; and M. Léon Bonnet undertook to try to reform a Popular Front Government. There was no disorder, though two more strikes were announced. But the Socialists threw the Bonnet over the windmill and Socialist M. Blum had a try. It failed, and now M. Chautemps—the wheel come full circle—is at it again.



MR. EDEN'S ROUGH PASSAGE: The Foreign Secretary at Victoria Station after his Channel crossing on Saturday when he experienced the full force of the gale. He had intended to go straight from the Riviera, where he was staying, to Geneva for the League Council meetings, but at the last minute the meetings were cancelled on account of the French Cabinet crisis

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

—Most of the bitterest animosities which for centuries separated England and Ireland have died away. The memories of outrage and bungling on both sides have largely faded. No one hates Mr. de Valera in Britain, on the contrary his great qualities are appreciated and every Englishman wishes well to Eire, even if he sees no present hope for the ideal in the face of practical conditions to-day. The two countries are linked by ties of every kind which nothing can break. They have fought with each other for centuries but in time of trouble they have fought side by side. They need each other's cooperation in peace as in war. If only Mr. de Valera will accept a token payment for his ideals and come down to brass tacks in what is practicable to-day, a great stride will be taken this week. First of all, no Englishman will suffer any coercing of Northern Ireland, the loyalest entity of the Empire. Any move for union must come from Ulster in its own time. That move will be brought nearer if Mr. de Valera is ready to cooperate with Britain in the practical politics of to-day. When the Free State appropriated the land annuities and Britain got her own back by tariffs on Irish exports, not only the Irish farmer suffered. The British coal and other trades suffered also. If Ireland lost her great cattle trade revenue and raised the cost of living in the Free State, Britain lost a valuable export market for coal and other products. The coal-cattle exchange agreement is vital to both countries. So much for the economic side. Politically the defence of Eire has become of first and pressing importance. By sea Eire is utterly defenceless to-day and yet she is a vital link in the Empire's North Atlantic communications. Her defence is as vital to Britain as to herself. The hope is held out that an agreement to cooperate in defence measures might also remove the vital economic obstacle. The idea is that we might exchange our claims on the annuities for a policy of cooperation in the naval and air defences of Ireland. If Mr. de Valera loves Ireland more than his ideals for Ireland he will this week come down to brass tacks and rest on his idealistic laurels. He will find England sympathetic and I fancy Ireland very willing that he should do so. A man is only half alive if he does not dream. But he is dead if he does not eat.

THE THINGS THAT MATTER.

—The salaries earned by (or paid to) the chief executives or stars in other walks of life in America are an index of modern values and standards. Two men in General Motors receive salaries of £100,000 a year. A theatre manager and the chief of International Business Machines receive £70,000 a year. There are still ten film stars who earned last year between £70,000 and £40,000, Gary Cooper heading the list. The list of chief gold-diggers must still be published every year by statute; although the House of Representatives has repealed the Act on the ground that it encourages envy, malice, and the attention of blackmailers, the Senate has not yet endorsed that repeal. For my part, I hope it may not do so. That list modifies one's sympathy for Mr. Roosevelt's victims in Big Business, and one day may prove a useful weapon for social historians of our age. A premier receives (on an average of European countries) less than £5,000 a year. A G.P. works night and day saving human lives for £1,000 a year or less. Genius still starves in a garret. The farmer is bankrupt. But Mae West is paid for her face on an adequate scale, and those who purvey the things that really matter to our civilisation—machines and distraction—are in no present danger of starvation. Bread and circuses. Those who offer bread for mind and body starve. Those who provide circuses grow fat. Britain also still has her millionaires (statistical) — no fewer than 330 of them. There are 250 people whose incomes (not for spending) range from £50,000 to £100,000 a year. But those incomes are not largely derived from salaries.

SMITH'S CHARITY.—

If you would seek the origins of the history and the wealth of London, you will find these things hidden among the dusty parchments of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury or at Somerset House. You will be carried back to the days when London was a town of orchards and adjoining farmsteads. Take Mr. Henry Smith, the Surrey salter who throve in the reign of James I and became Alderman of London and a respected resident in Silver Street. He was a charitable merchant and his heart bled above all for English prisoners and captives in the hands of Turkish pirates. He invested his money in parcels of land in London suburbs and gave these lands away sometimes for the support of such prisoners and the needy, and when he died, his will conveyed his estates to trustees for charitable purposes. That was in 1628. His trustees invested some of his capital shrewdly. They bought an 80-acre farm in the villages of Kensington and Chelsea, and the rent roll gradually increased with development, so that in 1805 it produced £150 a year! As the income grew, the trustees became hard put to it to find charitable uses enough. The Turks gave up taking honest Britons prisoner and Mr. Smith's kin diminished or grew rich on their own. By 1875 the income had grown unwieldy and a scheme was drawn up as a result of a Chancery action-at-law whereby the now vast income is apportioned at discretion among hospitals and other charities for the benefit of Greater Londoners. The "little farm" alone includes Onslow Square and Gardens, Egerton Crescent, etc., Lennox Gardens, Cranley and Evelyn Gardens, Sumner and Sydney Places, and Pelham Crescent and those names are derived from various noble trustees of Salter Smith's old will, such as the Duke of Richmond, Lords Onslow and Chichester and Sydney and so forth. And that's the story of Smith's Charity and of the growth of London.

BURLINGTON HOUSE RE-VISITED.—

On a second visit my feet led me to Room IX and delight kept me there. I wonder whether and to what extent economic necessity shapes our taste in art. The charm of the "little pictures" of the far-from-little masters of the Dutch school was always magnetic. To-day after passing through the big galleries hung with the immense canvases of Rubens and Van Dyck one

NEWSLETTER

the vanity of his public utterances. He declared that all the professions speak English better for public purposes than the dramatic. The telephone girl, the broadcasting parson, the political tub-thumper with his string of platitudes, and the lawyer say what they have to say clearly, even with a sense of music. But that profession which is concerned chiefly to reproduce the music of words strung together by men of brains, to convey a grain of sense or beauty, gargles and mumbles and mouths and is much more concerned with the effects of lime-light than with the effects of the rays of genius and truth. Shaw and Shakespeare and any other (if any other) dramatist of genius are daily murdered by ham-elocutionists and their pearls are fed to the swine by swine. The swine adore Mr. Shaw because he says things like this—like that! And (*paullo minora*) Mrs. Belloc Lowndes declared that "there are not enough novels being published to-day for the immense reading public," (5,000 were published last year, of which 4,800 are to-day as dead as Queen Anne or *Sorrows of Satan* or *The Rosary*). There is a chink in Mrs. Lowndes' armour through which (by use of these facts) it is possible to insinuate a bitter barb.

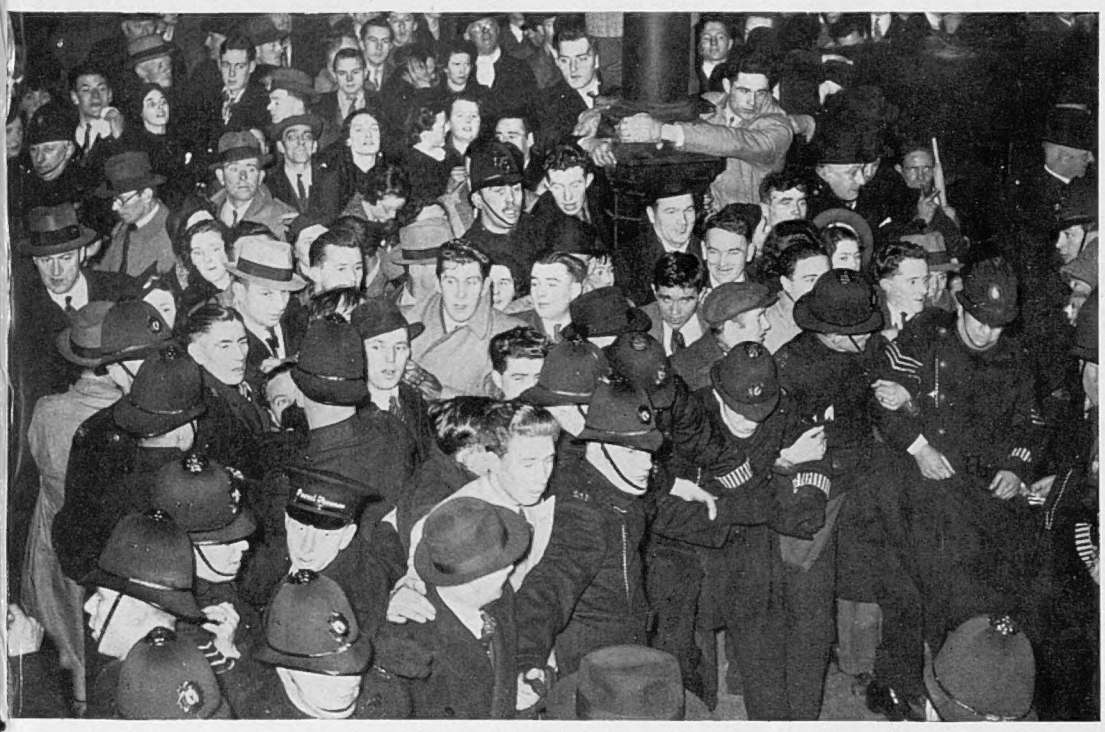
NECESSITY AND INVENTION.—The marriage of Necessity to the German scientist has already produced a crop of hopeful infants. Fish have been made to produce wool, cork mats have been created out of potato peelings, men's suits have been made of straw and timber, petrol has flowed from brown coal, synthetic rubber tyres are beating the real article out of the field, and the stones of grapes have been made to produce oil of another kind. It is certain that (if there were any demand for sermons) these German alchemists could find sermons in stones and good in everything (even in Communism or Popery). To treat these *ersatz* products with a sneer is narrow, shortsighted, and foolish. Necessity *is* the true mother of invention, and unfortunately invention has proved as frequently bad for world-trade (as conceived on old-world principles) as sometimes beneficial.

GIORGIONE PANELS.—The fat, such as it is, is in the fire over the Giorgione panels. These points have been used to justify some public curiosity as to the methods of the N.G. Trustees. (1) In their purchases they seldom do and never must call on the advice of outside experts. (2) In the whole world there are only two unanimously accepted Giorgiones; works on which no shadow of doubt has been cast. (3) Pretty as they are, the panels were "worth" about £200 a few weeks before the N.G. bought them for £14,000. And there is expert opinion that they may be the work of Previtali, a minor master whose pictures can still be picked up for a couple of hundred pounds maximum. Nobody can ever prove they are by Giorgione (as I ventured to say not long ago). Nobody can say they are not by Previtali, who is "worth" £200 a picture. The N.G. is prepared to pay for the weight of a name (non-proven) and to pay a perfectly huge premium for that doubtful advantage. Obviously it is worth picking up doubtful masterpieces and offering them, with a good name attached, to the N.G.

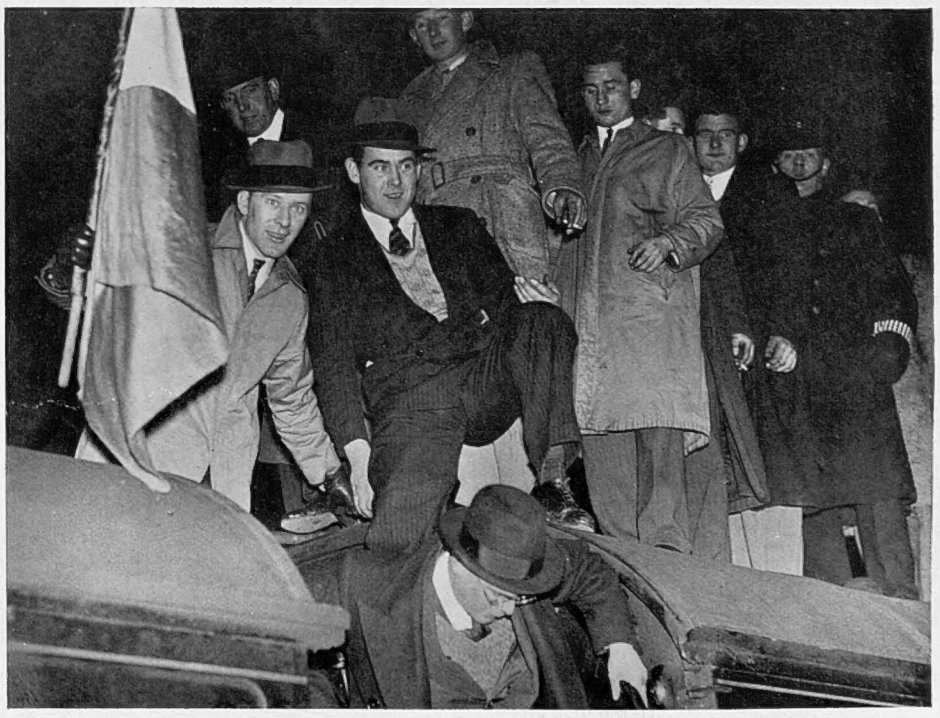
FRAGMENTS FROM KENYA.—From a Kenya reader (who has sometimes castigated me) comes a welcome olive branch and New Year's gift in the form of a nicely printed little book called *Fragments from Africa* by Genesta Long. Kenya needs its Kipling and these fragments — eight stories or sketches—have atmosphere and a curious fascination. One feels he is breathing the real Kenya air and that the setting of the stories, past and present, fact and fantasy, is the true and unchanging scenery of that land. The pièce de résistance is a tale of the Arab massacre of the Portuguese in Mombasa. The best of the rest are old tales told to the authoress by Masai ancients of the primitive lives and struggles of their youth, or of legend. It is a book to be remembered and re-read, a book worthy of what has been up to now a rather unworthily documented land. It was printed by Burrup of 31, Throgmorton Street—quite admirably.

M.C.C. OBSCURITY.—Membership of M.C.C. (especially during a Test Match year) provides many valued advantages for very little expense. One of those advantages is the privilege of members to enjoy free two rover tickets for the Varsity and Eton-Harrow matches each day, and to purchase for a nominal sum two rovers for each day of the Test Match at Lord's. Another advantage has usually been the lucidity with which the year's facilities are explained to members. But this year these instructions are curiously obscure. For his "free" rovers a member is invited to pay (something?) or not to pay, as he pleases. For his Test rovers he is instructed to pay a higher sum than usual and to pay a "booking fee", but whether that fee is included in the higher ticket-price or, if not, whether it is paid on each ticket applied for or on the whole order, is by no means clear. Muddled instructions mean extra work not to mention considerable irritation for all concerned.

THE OLD STAGER



EIRE'S LEADER MOBBED ON ARRIVAL IN LONDON FOR DOWNING STREET CONVERSATIONS: Police attempting to hold back the crowd of admirers which thronged the platform when Mr. de Valera and his colleagues reached Euston in the Irish mail last Saturday night preparatory to the discussions on the causes of difference between Ireland and Great Britain. As Mr. de Valera showed himself at the door of his coach (*above on right*) he was surrounded by a madly cheering throng which had broken down the cordons, and it was only with difficulty that he and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Dominions Secretary, were saved from injury. *On right*—These exuberant supporters of Mr. de Valera climbed on the roof of the mail train, but a policeman was there to discourage them



comes to Room IX, to Vermeer, Maes, and the rest of that homely and utterly efficient brotherhood, with relief and thankfulness and delight. Rubens seems to have lost colour, the flesh tints of his ripe ladies to have faded to dinginess. Even Van Dyck seemed less brilliant than of old. Only Rembrandt in the sheer mastery of his technique appears in this great exhibition to overcome the great modern obstacle of size. A picture like the "Apotheosis of Buckingham" starts (in our age) with a heavy handicap only newly appreciated. The virtues of the miniatures of the great Dutch masters and of the miniatures (in a strict sense) of the British miniature painters cry aloud in Burlington House. It is to these that my visits this winter will be made.

THE THINGS AUTHORS SAY.—Written in shorthand, octogenarian-dramatist Shaw (as the modern journalese use has it) sent a message to the Association of Teachers of Speech and Drama. It was Shavian, which is to say it was as full of brutal common sense as of vanity, and I have no doubt it is in Mr. Shaw's make-up (which has proved so successful for so long) to underline the brutality and to exaggerate

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

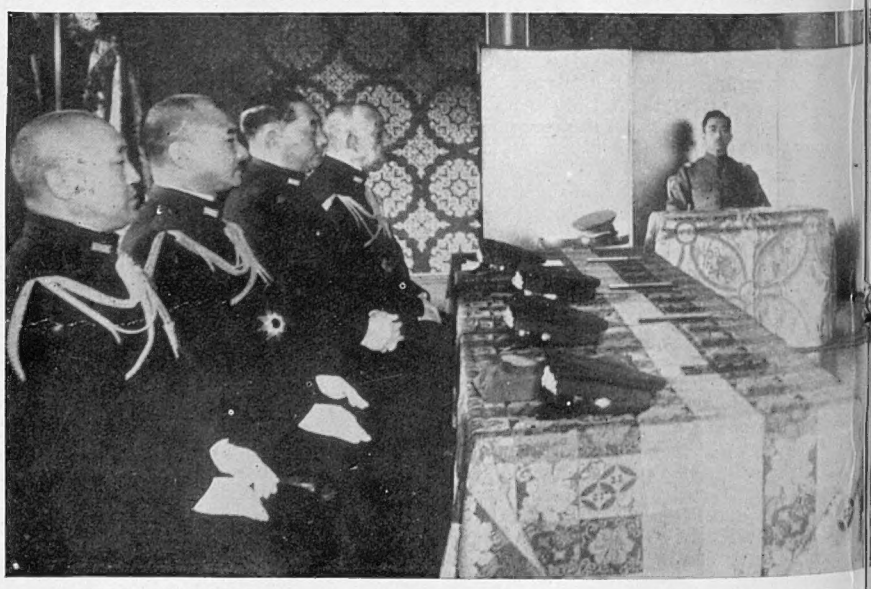
THEIR ORDEAL OVER: Five members of the party of fifteen surveyors, who had been marooned for thirty-nine days in the frozen wastes round James Bay, off Hudson Bay, Canada, standing near the plane which sighted their distress signals and came to their rescue. The men were visibly emaciated, their only food having been birch bark soup and a few rabbits and squirrels they were able to trap

"TO RECONCILE THE WILL OF DEMOCRACY WITH THE EXIGENCIES OF NATIONAL SAFETY": This was the declared object of M. Chautemps (seen thronged round with journalists outside the Elysée Palace) when he finally succeeded this week in forming a Radical Government to succeed his fallen Radical-Socialist Government. The new Ministry—the 103rd of the Third Republic—was created with the greatest difficulty

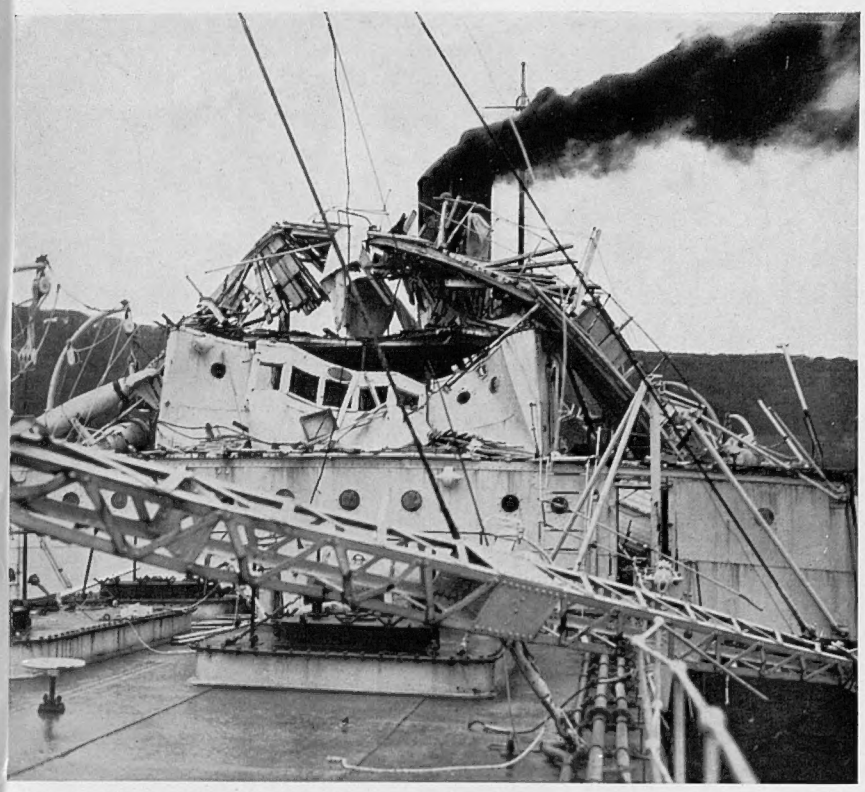
SOVIET M.P.s MEET: M. Kaganovich (left centre), Commissar for Railways, M. Mikoyan (centre), and M. Molotov (right centre), the Premier, pictured in conversation after the first joint session of the two Chambers of the Red Parliament recently elected under the new constitution. The gathering took place in the Kremlin Throne Room

YUGOSLAVIA'S PREMIER VISITS GERMANY: M. Stoyadinovitch (centre) seen with General Göring, Prussian Premier and Air Minister, as they set out on a tour of the latter's estate at Karenhall. The distinguished visitor was received with a lavish display of hospitality during his stay in Berlin, and had a number of opportunities of meeting Chancellor Hitler and Baron von Neurath, the Foreign Minister

CAIRO PREPARES: A decorative archway being set up in one of the main streets in readiness for the marriage of King Farouk which, it was arranged, should take place on Thursday of this week. The ceremony itself was planned on the most simple lines in conformity with Muslim law, but the people of Cairo spared no pains in decorating the city. The bride (Mlle Farida Zulficar) and bridegroom have received a wonderful array of presents, including a Mercedes car from the German Government



A MOMENTOUS GATHERING: Emperor Hirohito presiding over the Imperial Council of Army and Navy chiefs held recently in Tokyo in regard to Japan's position over the present war in China. Such Councils take place only when the gravest decisions

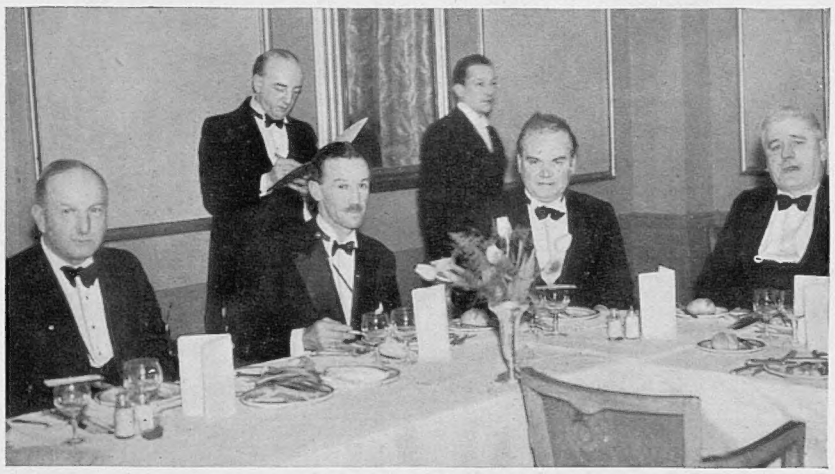


WHAT THE SEA CAN DO: The wrecked bridge of the Fleet Auxiliary oil tanker *War Bahadur* as it appeared when the vessel limped into Plymouth after battling for five days against Atlantic storms of well-nigh unprecedented violence. "In 31 years at sea," declared the captain, "I never imagined that such weather was possible. One wave swept over the ship which the chief officer and I estimated to be 80 ft. high"

THE EGYPTIAN ARMY TAKES THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO KING FAROUK: Officers placing their hands on the Koran during last week's picturesque ceremony in the Abdin Square, Cairo, attended by all troops in the district. The officers should have taken the oath on the day when King Farouk reached his majority, but the Nahas Cabinet wanted to make them swear allegiance also to the Constitution. The King objected on the ground that this would have associated the army with politics

are to be registered and the last was in 1914 when Japan declared war on Germany. Japan clearly intends to continue the struggle with renewed intensity although doubtless quite willing to lay down arms if her stringent peace terms should be accepted

AN UNEXPECTED SIGHT AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS: A sentry wearing a steel helmet and carrying a gas mask during the air and gas attack rehearsal held by men of the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards. It was the first time they had practised the routine on such an elaborate scale and it was done in most realistic fash on



EXPLORERS FORGATHER: Commander J. B. Adams, second in command Antarctic Expedition 1907–09; Sir Philip Brocklehurst, who accompanied the same expedition; Mr. G. Marston, and Captain E. M. Joyce, were members of the company at the Antarctic Club's dinner at the Café Royal on January 17, the anniversary of Captain Scott's arrival at the South Pole when he and his ill-fated party discovered they were forestalled. Members of no fewer than thirteen expeditions were represented

PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND: Emperor Haile Selassie at Victoria Station as he saw his wife off on the boat train. The Empress is going to spend some months holiday in Palestine, partly to escape the rigours of the English winter and partly to renew long-standing acquaintance with members of the Abyssinian colony in Jerusalem

CALL *of the* ICE *and* SNOW

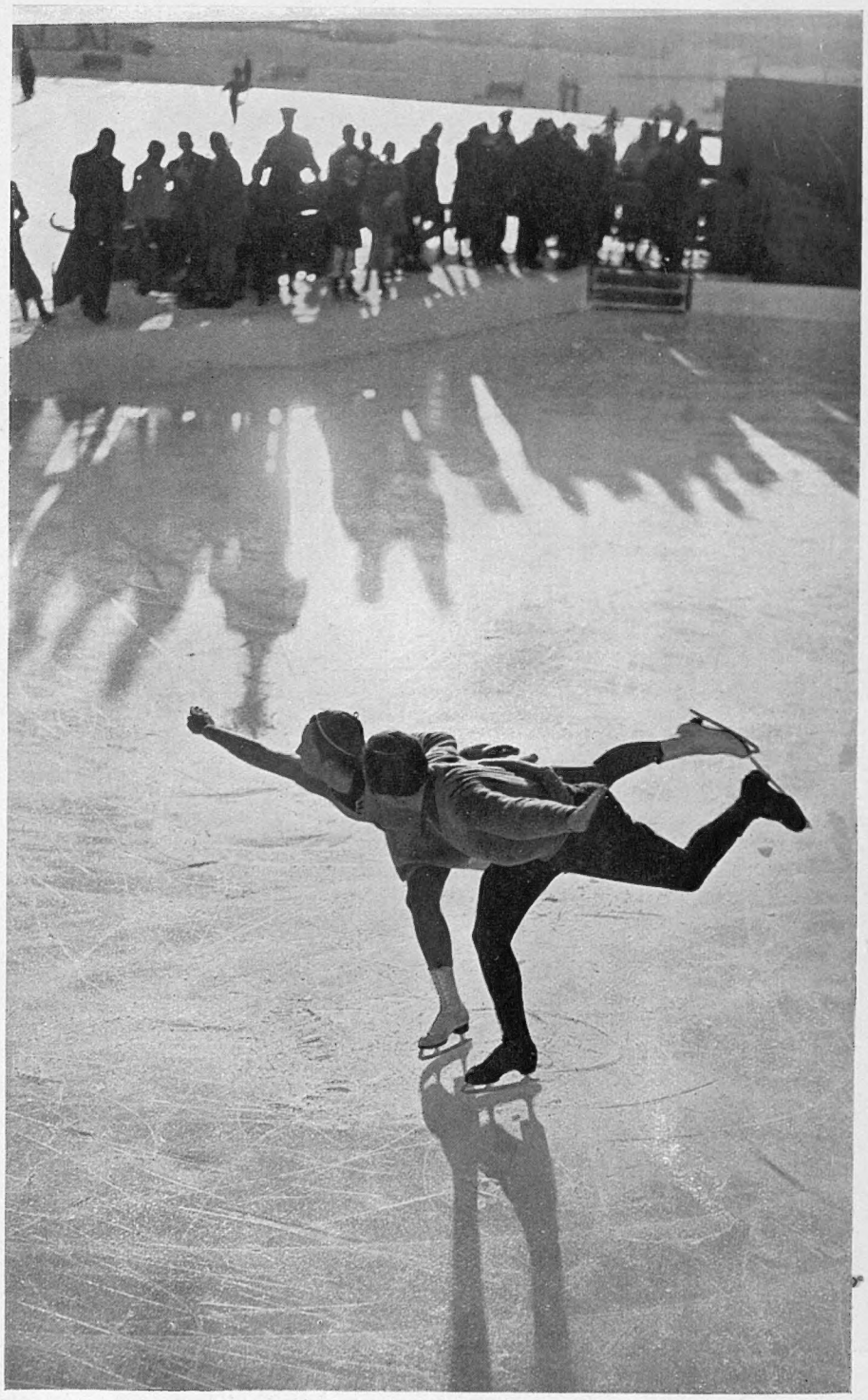
Holiday-Time at the Swiss Resorts

On left— RHYTHMIC UNITY: Maxi Herber and Ernst Beier, of Germany, the world's pair-skating champions, practising on a rink at St. Moritz in preparation for the European championships this week. Their understanding is almost uncanny, and they are said to be as good as ever

AN ALPINE "BREECHES-BUOY": Mechanisation has now spread to winter sport, as witness this "lift" which has been installed at Mürren in order to pull skiers 1,500 ft. up to a favoured spot from which to start ski runs. The ascent usually takes 1½ hrs., but by this method can be accomplished in 9 mins.

On left— THE BOY KING OF SIAM, twelve-year-old Ananda Mahidol, and his brother Prince Piumipol (wearing glasses) out ski-ing at Arosa where they have been spending the Christmas holidays. The King is at school in Europe

On right— SHOWING THEIR PACES: Entrants for the European pair-figure skating championships watched by holiday-makers as they practise a highly intricate figure



WILD WAVES OF WINTER BEAT UPON BRITAIN'S SHORES

Week-End Gale Leaves Trail of Damage: Sea Defences on the South and West Coasts Severely Tested

BRIGHTON *Lashed*

A dramatic impression of the scene at Brighton last week-end as giant waves, lashed to fury by the first big gale of the New Year, pounded against the sea defences. All round Britain similar conditions prevailed, but the storm was experienced in its fullest severity in west Wales, high seas at Aberystwyth causing extensive damage to the promenade, while many ships in St. George's Channel were in difficulties. In the London area destruction was limited to house roofs and chimney-stacks

BLACKPOOL'S *Ordeal*

Huge seas beating against the North Promenade at Blackpool which, in common with the whole Fylde coast, was bombarded during the week-end gale. Water swept into the streets, flooding basements, marooning people in their houses and, at high tide, bringing traffic to a standstill. A *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* report stated that the sea front was littered with broken seats and other wreckage, and once the water was so deep on the promenade that it actually poured into a bus

EIRE'S ARMY *in the* MAKING

Her Defence, A Problem Facing the Negotiators in Downing St This Week

EIRE'S NEW VOLUNTEERS: These young men belong to a force which has attracted just those same elements which once drifted into the Blueshirt organisation or the secret and illegal Irish Republican Army. This is all to the good, but is offset by the fact that the number of recruits is by no means up to expectations

FROM the irregular troops who had been conducting the guerilla warfare with the British forces in Ireland before the signing of the Anglo-Irish Treaty General Michael Collins formed the nucleus of the Free State army.

To-day the army of Eire—*Oglaigh na hEireann* to give it the official title in Irish—is a small but efficient force with modern equipment and capable of expansion by the calling up of its reserves, now numbering 5,560 and the volunteer force which has about 9,810 men and which is officered largely by men promoted from the ranks and trained in the military college at the Curragh. The personnel of the regular army at the present time numbers approximately 5,750.

After the establishment of the Free State the army saw active service for nearly two years during the civil war. Much of its equipment consisted of material taken over from the evacuating British forces. This included all the aircraft of its newly-formed Army Air Corps. During this civil war period General Collins was assassinated in County Cork and General "Dick" Mulcahy, who was later to become Minister for Local Government and Public Health, succeeded him. At the end of 1923 it became clear that a large armed force could not be maintained. Several military establishments were closed down and the Air Corps evacuated four of its five aerodromes and established its headquarters at Baldonnel, about nine miles from Dublin.

With the memories of the recent fighting still fresh in their minds the High Command, located in Dublin, decided to concentrate on a mobile force and considerable attention was given to the Armoured Car Corps. To enable officers to specialise in certain subjects some of them were sent to take courses abroad, principally in England and the United States.

Then followed a long period of economy. Very little new equipment was purchased and the units settled down on a peace-time basis. General Mulcahy left the army to take up his duties as a member of the Cosgrave Cabinet and the duties of Minister for Defence were transferred to Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald.

Although in its early days the army might be said to have been political in its outlook, any suggestion that it has any political bias whatever has disappeared completely.

The Oath which is required of the army precludes its members from belonging to any organisation of a political nature.

Under the Anglo-Irish Treaty provision was made for the establishment of a navy by the Free State; a little was done towards this in the early days of the new State but it was dropped later.

Britain retained certain rights regarding harbour defences under the Treaty and the forts on Lough Swilly in the north and Cork Harbour are still manned by small parties of British troops. Some reconditioning of the Swilly forts was carried out recently and Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, Secretary of State for War, inspected them during his recent visit to Northern Ireland.

Disarmament was of no interest to the Government of the Free State but when Mr. de Valera took office he appointed an old soldier—a former leader of the irregular forces, Mr. Frank Aiken—as his Minister for Defence. Mr. Aiken is probably the most popular Defence Minister any country could wish for. He is well liked by officers and men and takes a keen interest in every branch of their work and sporting activities.

An improvement in the equipment of the army followed Mr. Aiken's appointment. New tanks of a continental pattern were acquired; the Sokol system of physical training was introduced from Czechoslovakia; new types of machine guns were introduced and a volunteer force was started. The Government considered such a step useful from two points of view. Young men were showing a tendency to drift into the ranks of the Irish Republican Army and the Blueshirt organisation; they seemed to be keen on soldiering of some sort. It was to the Government's advantage, therefore, to set up some regular force in which the militaristic tendencies of these young men could be guided on the right lines; since most of them were too young to have any properly formed political ideas, the period of army training would be sufficient to give them a sense of discipline.

The second factor which led to the establishment of the force was the fact that the Government could ill afford to spend a great deal on building up a big army; it afforded an opportunity of giving young men military training so that they might be of use in time of a national emergency. When this move was made the O.T.C. scheme was discontinued. Unfortunately the Volunteer force has not proved as popular as the Government anticipated and its numbers are not up to strength.

Coincident with the coming into effect of the new Constitution of Eire on December 29 last, it became clear that the country needed to still further improve its defences. The Constitution actually only affected the army in one detail, the Oath of Allegiance is now given to the President who becomes head of the State and head of the army.

Meagre defence measures seemed out of keeping with the dignity which the new Constitution purported to give the country, and it was readily apparent that discussions would have to be undertaken with the British Government with a view to their improvement. Much of Eire's war material is British, and the defence of the two countries must necessarily be interlocked in time of war.

REGULARS ON THE MARCH: Members of Eire's small but quite efficient standing army. Their steel helmets are of German pattern

Eire has had to purchase its ammunition outside the country but a munitions factory is now being built in a remote quarter. If any agreement can be reached on the question of defence in the talks which started in London on Monday the cost of Eire's new armament programme would be reduced and the breach in the ring of Britain's defences would be filled. Mr. de Valera has assured the British Government on several occasions that he will not permit a foreign Power to use Eire as a base for an attack on England; in the present state of Irish defence it would be impossible to prevent an enemy establishing itself on Irish soil unless very strong reinforcements were forthcoming from Britain.

E. F. MacSweeney

CHINA'S NEW CAPITAL

Chungking, the Great Commercial City of the West, Now the Seat of Government

(*See centre pages*, 136 *and* 137)

WHEN Nanking could no longer be held against the combined military forces of Japan, the Chinese Government transferred its capital 1,000 miles farther west to Chungking in the province of Szechuan.

This greatest commercial city of western China rises high above the banks of the two rivers which meet here: the mighty Yangtse and its tributary, the Kialing. Into Chungking flow the products of inner Szechuan, and of the adjoining provinces of Hupeh, Hunan, Yunnan, and Kweichow, to be reshipped down the Yangtse to the sea.

Though the city of Chungking is said to be one of the richest in China, thousands of its people are among the poorest. This is because of an illegal system of taxation that has been imposed by the military authorities of the province who have drained the land tax from twenty to ninety years in advance. The terrible poverty of the inhabitants shows in the overcrowded, poor, dirty streets, and in the haggard faces of the coolies, the majority of whom are said to be opium addicts.

Until General Chiang Kai-Shek pushed his anti-Communist campaign into Szechuan in 1935 and went himself to conduct it, this far-western, mountain province had had practically no political connection with the National Government since its establishment in 1911. After the Generalissimo's visit the provincial government of Szechuan was re-organised at Chungking and the local currency was brought into accord with that of the nation. The fact that to-day the national capital is established at Chungking, at least temporarily, is significant of the unifying process that had been going on in China before the outbreak of Sino-Japanese hostilities.

The natural fact which had made possible the long political isolation of Szechuan was the mountain barrier that forms the eastern boundary of the province. Through this barrier eons ago the Yangtse River had pushed a narrow, dangerous channel. This was Szechuan's only outlet eastward to the sea. To the west rose the plateaus of Tibet and the frozen Himalayas. Until the white man learned within this century to climb the rapids of the Upper Yangtse gorges by steam and later by motor boat, the only craft which plied the dangerous route between Ichang and Chungking was the old-fashioned Chinese junk. The journey took months. Even now by steam and motor the 1,400-mile trip from Shanghai takes 12 days.

Two years ago the distance between Chungking and the outer world suddenly collapsed. An air service was inaugurated which made the trip daily from Shanghai to Chungking in 7 hrs.

Although Chungking has always had commercial relations with the more progressive parts of China, the results of long isolation are apparent. Not until 1931 did this great metropolis install a reservoir for a water supply, and then it was the first city in West China to have a water system. Even now only parts of the city are electrified. A recent visitor says that Szechuan province is twenty-five years behind the rest of China.

Chungking rises steeply from the river by stone steps that seem always slippery with rain and slime. It is a city with a character of its own—utterly Chinese, in spite of having been a treaty port since 1891.

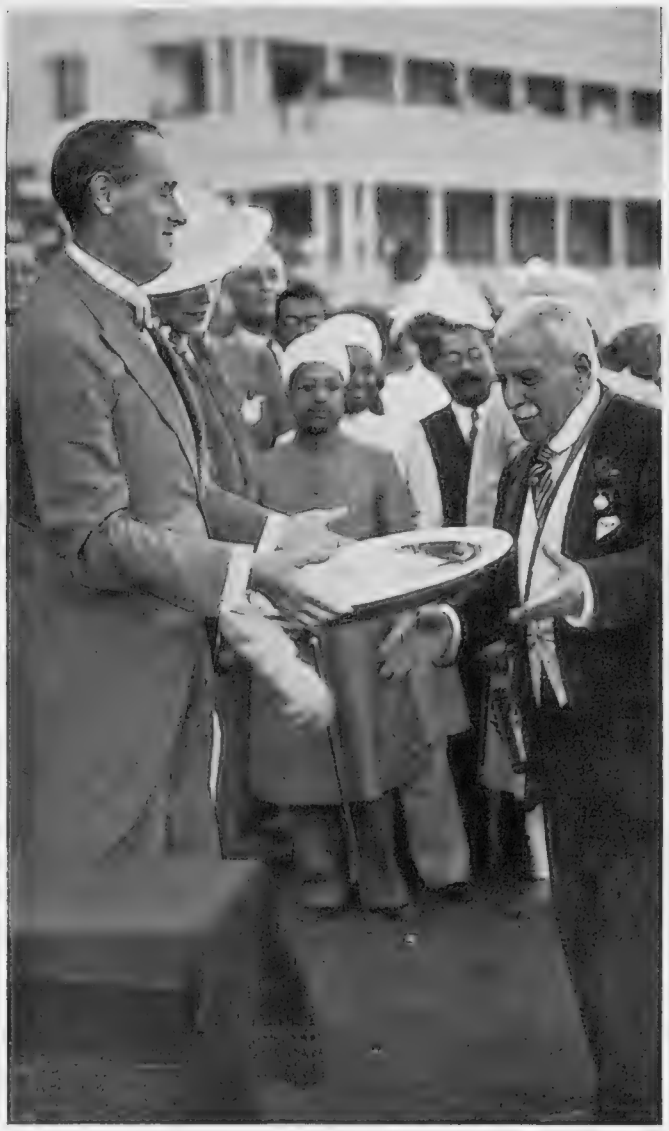
Only the final third of the river journey from Nanking to Chungking holds much interest for the traveller. In winter, when the Yangtse is low (as it would have been last November when the Government officials made their historic voyage), the muddy, spreading waters of the Lower Yangtse swirl against high banks of yellow clay over which one sees little of the country beyond. A few pagodas stand out upon low hills; occasionally a turn in the river brings into view a vista up a tributary stream or a distant mountain ridge. But the chief diversions of this part of the journey are the ports where the steamer calls.

At Wuhu, where the ship anchors in midstream, beggars paddle out in flat-bottomed, circular tubs, whining for coppers to be thrown. Near Kiukiang the steamer skirts the famous Little Orphan Island, a steep rock crowned with trees and Buddhist temples. And farther on one catches sight of Kuling, a mountain popular as a summer resort, where General Chiang Kai-Shek makes his summer headquarters.

The Middle Yangtse from Hankow to Ichang is flat and uninteresting. But at Ichang one changes from the steamer to a motor-driven, smaller ship, and begins the ascent of the Yangtse gorges, an experience scarcely to be matched for scenic beauty and the thrill of constant danger.

F. E. Dean

INDIA: VICE-REGAL AND PRINCELY

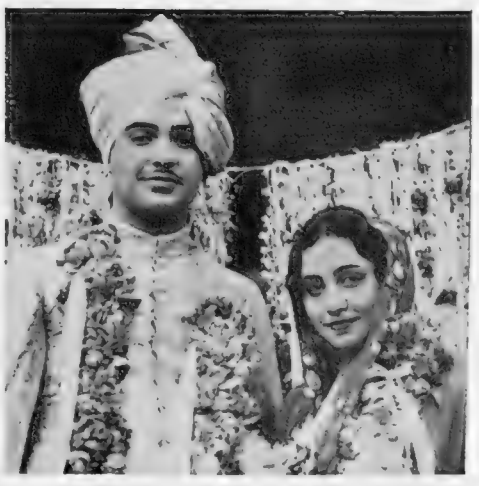


BLUE RIBAND OF THE INDIAN TURF: The Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, handing the trophy to Sir David Ezra, who received it on behalf of Mr. Edward Esmond, owner of "Fastnet," which had just won the much-prized Viceroy's Cup at Calcutta. Mr. Esmond is well known in racing circles both in England and France

PRO-CONSULAR STATE: Lord Brabourne, Governor of Bengal, and Lady Brabourne arriving in an open carriage at the Royal Calcutta Racecourse on "Viceroy's Cup" Day, always a big event in the indian calendar. Lord Brabourne was formerly Governor of Bombay and has only lately succeeded Sir John Anderson in his present post. In helping to pilot the new constitution, now in operation, he has a formidable task

THE VICEREINE AT A CALCUTTA GARDEN PARTY: Her Excellency the Marchioness of Linlithgow arriving with Lord Brabourne, Governor of Bengal, at the reception given by Dr. S. C. Law, Sheriff of Calcutta. The function took place during "Viceroy's Cup" week

GREETING A PRINCELY VISITOR: The Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda being blessed in Oriental fashion with rice and grass when he recently paid a visit to the Sanskrit College in Calcutta. His Highness, it may be remembered, celebrated the diamond jubilee of his reign about three years ago and continues to play as active a part as ever in the life of his State and of India. Last year he represented his country at the Imperial Conference



WEDDING BELLS: Miss Bibi Mulook and Yusuf Haroon, son of Sir Abdulla and Lady Haroon, of Karachi, pictured after their wedding at which the Aga Khan, the bride's uncle, was present. The bridegroom's father is well-known in political circles and was an Indian delegate to the Empire Economic Conference held at Ottawa, Canada, five years ago

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KING *of the* CAMARGUE

Marquis Baroncelli, Poet, Bull-breeder and Uncrowned Monarch of this Strange Region of Lagoon, Moorland, Vineyard, and Pasturage That Belongs Both to Sea and Land

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

MARQUIS BARONCELLI TAKING "THE QUEEN OF ARLES" TO HER WEDDING: A colourful moment in the life of the poet and bull-breeder who lords it over the Camargue, the delta "across which a spreading Rhône once coursed uncontrollably"

THE day that I put in at Arles was of that bitterness peculiar to the Bouches-du-Rhône—an icy mistral whirling heavy snow and everything frozen that could freeze. I was to be repaid by a surprise spectacle such as only can materialise these days in France—in Provence.

The French Communist Party was holding its annual congress locally, and had rallied in the Roman amphitheatre—"Caesar" Thorez, thumbs up, in the tribune of honour—when amid the "Moscow" multitude of the Midi there appeared as the most normal thing in the world a French nobleman at the head of a troupe of cowboys of the Camargue; and the Marquis Folco de Baroncelli-Javon did comport himself right amicably, even jovially, with the boss of the occasion, "Red" Mayor Pioch.

And the Gardians did their stunts on their less-than-fifteen-hands-high, Saracen-descended, white horses. Carrying big men with trident lances for prodding the bulls bred on the Camargue, the little animals were unshod and, I learnt, are grass-fed. Anyway, how they galloped and wheeled and checked, reared, and pawed, seeming to enter into the spirit of the equestrian gymnastics ordered by their riders. But let another try to handle them. They are the very deuce to break.

The Marquis—uncrowned King of historic La Camargo, country of Mistral's Provençal Odyssey "Mirèio"—had mobilised his men not to signify political solidarity but to remind the Communists, who were holding an exhibition of Provençal labour and crafts, of an aspect of local life that might otherwise have escaped their notice, the livestock and agricultural efforts of as bleak and sentenced a region as France can show. I can only think of the Breton *brière* to equal it.

Doomed? Well perhaps not quite, with luck. This unique delta, forming a triangle with Arles as apex, and across which a spreading Rhône courses uncontrollably to find its match in the Gulf of Lions, may be preserved for generations if the French Government's reservation scheme turns out a success. It is already in operation under M. G. Tallon and extends over a good half of the Camargue's total surface of approximately 300 sq. miles of lagoon, vineyard, moorland, and pasturage. A special effort is being made to save the marshland and watery territory of the Vaccarès whose flora and fauna and naturalness of siting suggest the possibility of a rich national park unlike that to be found anywhere else.

Few English people see the Camargue properly unless they take the road from Marseilles through Salon (or from Arles) across to St. Gilles, Aigues-Mortes, and Nîmes. The larger stony wilderness of the Crau, by which the Riviera trains pass, is often mistaken for its picturesque and fascinating neighbour. The Crau is about the limit. *Matagats*, or evil spirits, are said to frequent it, in which case they've certainly chosen the right surroundings. Just one feature; the wind can be so violent as to blow the stones well into the air, and the Crau is nearly all stones, or miserable bushes from which no less miserable flocks of sheep and goats seek to nourish themselves.

For its part, the Camargue's trouble is that it is simply dying of old age. Belonging both to sea and land, it is fighting a hopeless geological battle. In prehistoric times this was a smiling, fertile countryside. Even up to the Middle Ages human life could be sustained not too badly. It was then that the inhabitants took measures to keep out the flooding Rhône that were to prove fatal to the soil. They built dikes right and left, with the result that the vital alluvial deposits from the river bed no longer found their way to the land. A second cause of decline and threatened dissolution resides in the steady encroachment of the Mediterranean. In a hundred years the sea has gained nearly half-a-mile. The celebrated Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, Mecca of gipsydom each May, will be partially submerged, at the present rate, before A.D. 2000.

To think that this relative desert of to-day, whose cypresses alone protect the rare crops from eternal winds, knew a golden age wherein forests of oak, elm, and pine supplied the shipbuilding industry of Arles.

A great effort at revival was essayed in the seventeenth century when the number of *mas*, or isolated Provençal farms, came to 200, and horses, cattle, and sheep were bred in profusion, but in the end the human animal could not stand local conditions. "Only water of the Rosne is drunk. The winds are intolerable. For five months the island suffers a heat that summons despair. Thousands of millions of *arabi*, little flies, bite furiously." After the French Revolution, the inhabitants were reported to be barbarians and, nearer the coast, pirates whose one idea of work was looking out for ships in distress.

And this is the region I have referred to as picturesque and fascinating! Perhaps I should say—strange and authentically itself, flicked by romance in misbegotten times, if the "romance" may sometimes assume a capital "R" for the benefit of tourists.

BULL-FIGHTING WITH A DIFFERENCE: A cowboy attempting to pluck a cocarde from between the horns of one of the fierce bulls of the Camargue. The darts goad the bull into intensive action, but are not placed sufficiently deep to cause permanent injury

Over the sandy marshland forming so much of the Camargue, small jet-black bulls range. And so do gipsy caravans. Or you will espy a troupe of wild horses, also quite small, silhouetted on the skyline, and the light is always of the vividest. Augustus John dabbled here in water colours, round Martigues, eight or nine years ago. He loved the light effects. When the locals described him, incidentally, as "Painter to the Court of England" I remembered a highly successful recent sale in London and mentioned some dizzy sum in francs. And that struck the locals as being not quite fair, that this foreigner should come and make millions out of their *paysage* and only spend . . .

BLACK BULLS AND WHITE HORSES OF THE CAMARGUE: The former are of the real fighting type, sturdy to a degree, and the latter, though unshod and grass fed, have endurance comparable to the "western ponies" of America

On the Camargue you will see that lovely and, I believe, unique Western European survival of vast flights of flamingoes, their breasts as rose as the sunset effect on the lagoon. And mirages of African deceptiveness are not infrequent.

Then, there are the occasional cowboys, grazing their herd of bulls. You do not catch sight of one often—about as often as a lonely *mas* emerges from the level countryside. What you do not see in this land of Tartarin, and never will again, is the *chasseur*. Bird and beast shall endure henceforward, under the vigilant M. Tallon. That alone renders the Camargue exceptional in a country where everything breathing is apt to be considered fair game. By which there hangs this true story:—One Riviera spring, there was a heavy-foliaged tree in the vicinity. Into this, a local Tartarin used to climb each Sunday, and proceed to lure birds with a special whistle, duly popping at them when they perched quite close. But there came a Sunday when a second Tartarin appeared, who was ignorant of the trick. He could see no birds. *Zut, alors!* Exasperated, he finally fired at random into the tree; there was a wild shriek; and Tartarin No. 1 had to be aided down, and so off to hospital, full of pellets.

How the wild duck and partridges, the hares and rabbits, of the reserved Camargue would make these sportsmen's mouths water. Time was when there were stag and boar.

Monarch of all this delta where really lived Mireille, is the Marquis Baroncelli whose brother last year directed a film, in Paris, *Le Roi de Camargue*. The Marquis is probably the last of his kind, as he is sole survivor of the Mistral circle—for our subject is first and foremost a poet, in fact, that condition has been responsible for his taking to bull breeding. He glories in this little local race of bulls, discerning in their sturdiness the certitude that his beloved Camargue shall not perish. The poet comes out, too, when you learn that the Marquis knows and cares nothing about money, that he has sunk a once big fortune in his bulls.

The main thing unpoetical about the Marquis is that he seems to have kept none of his writings save one book of verse, *Blad de Luno*. I tried in vain to get an account he wrote of what must have been a debonair chapter, befalling a year or two ago, when he rode in midsummer all the way up to Valence at the head of his cowboys.

The Baroncelli *mas* lies 40 kilometres from Arles, in the direction of Lunel. Straightaway the poet occurs in its very name—Mas Don Simbeù. Lou Simbeù was a shot leader of the Baroncelli herd, the beautiful beast having been killed by an angered motorist whose headlights had previously been charged.

Lou Simbeù's horns decorate the doorway of the *mas*, a long and low structure caned in with white pines. On the roof is a cross facing north. Nothing good ever comes from the North, says a Camargue proverb. Hard by are the *cabanes* of the eight *grignons* who look after the horses and ponies. The stabling is roofed with African thatch brought from Ceuta. All the animal population—ponies, rabbits, pigeons, chickens—have to be white, all save the bulls which are black.

The Marquis, who is sixty-seven and lost his wife last year, leads a feudal life from which he now and then sallies forth for fêtes or weddings or in connection with some honour being paid his daughter, the Queen of the Felibriges—the Provençal Latin brotherhood which drinks in unison the "Coupo Santo." These fiery fervents originated under the poet Roumanille, at Avignon, and touched

(*Continued on page* 150)

HOODED WARRIORS *of the* TERUEL SALIENT

WINTRY ARAGON: Government troops wearing heavy blankets over their great coats as a protection against the severe cold which for many days past has doubled the hardships of those engaged on this front—the scene of quite the fiercest fighting in the Spanish civil war to date. This picture was taken following the capture of Teruel when there was a lull as the insurgents gathered their strength to win back what they had lost, and the Government supporters prepared themselves to hold what they had won

HAVEN FROM THE COLD: The Government troops manning this tank on the Aragon front must have for once in a while appreciated the heat in their quarters, so extreme were weather conditions in the world outside. *On left*—DAWN OF ANOTHER BITTER DAY: Hooded warriors taking their meagre breakfast of bread and tinned jam before starting operations

BRAVING THE FIRST SNOW OF WINTER: These hardy poppies were found growing on Somerset Island, 400 miles within the Arctic Circle. The picture was taken by Richard Finnie, journalist and traveller, who a short while ago accompanied the Hudson's Bay Company's ship *Nascopie* when she made one of her regular 12,000-mile voyages through the Canadian Arctic to visit the various trading settlements, thus providing many Eskimos and white settlers with their sole yearly contact with the outside world

COLONISING THE CANADIAN HINTERLAND: When the Hudson's Bay Company's ship *Nascopie* dropped anchor in Bellot Strait off Boothia Peninsula, most northerly point on the continent of North America, these Eskimo traders, their womenfolk, their sled dogs, and their children were taken ashore to help establish, in conjunction with three Canadians, a new post for the supply of white fox pelts.

PUSHING A PERAMBULATOR GIVES THESE ESKIMO BELLES OF BAFFIN ISLAND A BIG THRILL: The youngster they are looking after is the year-old daughter of trader James Thom and Mrs. Thom of Pangnirtung a trading post which was also visited by the *Nascopie* during the last 12,000-mile voyage through the Eastern Arctic

WHEN THE "NASCOPIE" CALLED AT LAKE HARBOUR, a trading post in the south of Baffin Island, Captain Thomas Smellie staged a sports meeting for the local Eskimo population. The women particularly enjoyed the wheelbarrow race, the start of which is depicted here. They wore imported clothing which, it will be seen, does not suit them anything like so well as their usual garb of sealskins

In 1939 the *Nascopie* will visit these waters once again, bringing with her fresh supplies for the little community and taking away the products of many months' trapping. In this way the Company continues to expand its activities in the Far North where it has held sway for 260 years and more, playing a vital role in the development of the Dominion's vast natural resources which, even now, have yet to be fully exploited

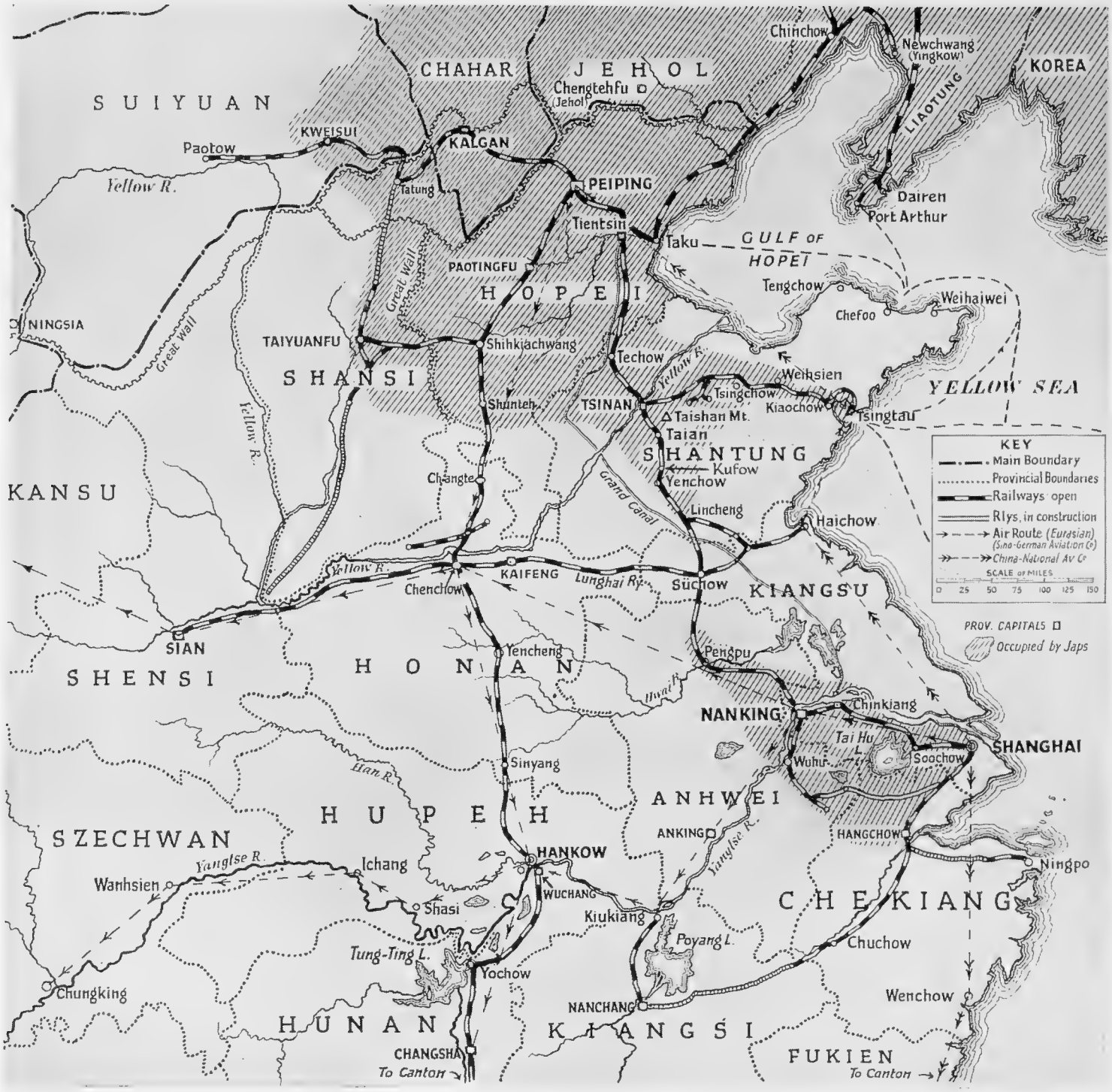
CANADIAN ODYSSEY

Visiting the Lonely Trading Posts of the Far North with the Hudson's Bay Company's Ship, "Nascopie"

ARCTIC RENDEZVOUS: A picture taken from the deck of the big supply ship *Nascopie* as the 30-ton schooner *Aklayvik* reached their agreed meeting place in Bellot Strait, at the tip of Boothia Peninsula, after negotiating the trickiest section of the long-sought North West Passage. Supplies were forthwith transferred to the schooner which in due course carried them back to the trading posts of the Western Arctic. In this way the famous Passage was traversed from end to end, but not in one vessel; although with present day knowledge of northern waters this could certainly be done. *Below*—The wife, daughter, and adopted son of a half-breed Eskimo fur trader, pictured on board the *Nascopie* when they were shown round the vessel on her arrival in Bellot Strait

A DOMINION OUTPOST: On the southern coast of Baffin Island, in snug Lake Harbour, nestles this trading station of the Hudson's Bay Company in a rugged, picturesque setting

THEY HAD NO TIME TO LOSE: The crew of the *Nascopie* helped in erecting two buildings—a residence for the settlers and a warehouse—when they established the new trading station in Bellot Strait, afterwards sailing for home as the winter drew in. The little settlement where three Canadians and a number of Eskimos are now established, is provisioned for two years, and until the *Nascopie* returns again its only link with the outside world will be by radio. *On left*—A map of the *Nascopie's* route through the Eastern Arctic



THE EASTERN THEATRE OF WAR: A sketch map, specially drawn for "The Sphere," showing the situation in China as it was last week. The two dark shaded areas denote the territory so far occupied by Japan and in which provisional administrations are now in operation. During the New Year attention has been largely focused on the pincers movement of the Japanese flying columns which have been advancing north from the Yangtse and south through Shantung from the Yellow River with the intention of making contact at Suchow, a railway junction of considerable importance. In the course of the southward advance Kufow, the town famed as the birthplace of Confucius, has fallen into Japan's hands—a loss that is felt deeply by the Chinese if it is only for reasons of sentiment. Tsingtau, the treaty port on the Shantung coast, was occupied on January 10 by a force of blue-jackets which met with no resistance from the inhabitants

A GATEWAY OF TSINAN, the important town which was captured recently by the Japanese as their flying columns advanced southwards through Shantung. Since then a Peace Maintenance Commission has been set up there by the invaders and it has pledged itself to adhere to the Peiping Government which came into being in December

THE province of Shantung, which the Japanese have now invaded after the blowing up of their big mills at Tsingtau, and the failure of the Shantung people to hand over the province to Japan like ripe fruit dropping from a tree, as they seem to have expected, has much of interest in several ways.

In area slightly larger than England, and with a population of some 30,000,000, this province forms the "spout" of the teapot shape which the outline of "China Proper" takes. Its name means "East of the Hills," just as Shansi—the province on the other side of the mountains—means "West of the Hills."

Shantung is known as "the sacred province of China," having been the birthplace as well as the scene of most of the life and teachings of the great Confucius, who was born there in 551 B.C., and also of the lesser philosopher Mencius, who followed him some 180 years later. The sacred hill of Tai Shan, about 20 miles south of Tsi-nan, the capital, with its temples to Confucius and the mystical "jade lady," has long been the mecca of tens of thousands of pilgrims.

Tsi-nan is 4 miles from the Yellow River—known as "China's Sorrow," which some eighty years ago changed its course from its former south-easterly direction into the Yellow Sea to its present outlet on the north coast of Shantung.

The city is also an important junction of the Tientsin–Pukow (opposite Nanking) railway with the branch line running eastward through the province of Shantung to Kiaochow and Tsingtau. There are here an arsenal, a military cadet school,

On right — IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE: French Catholic missionaries inspecting the damage done by a Japanese shell to the wall of their mission in the North China war zone. The main building was undamaged

JAPAN

and other colleges, and among the sights for visitors are some very fine temples, especially the one on the "Hill of a thousand Buddhas." Running roughly north and south and to the east of Tsi-nan are the main coal fields of Shantung, of which there are six of large size and worked by modern methods, while to the north of these iron is worked.

Other prominent cities of the province are Kiaochow and Tsingtau on the Bay of Kiaochow. These were leased to Germany in 1898, but taken from her by the Japanese in the great war and restored to China in 1922 under pressure from other Powers. The Germans spent a lot of money on the development of the place and its fine bay, and it has since then grown considerably in popularity as a seaside resort for Europeans, as well as a centre of industry. A dry dock has been built, capable of taking vessels up to about 450 ft. long and of 5,000 tons, while many millions of pounds have been spent on the mills there.

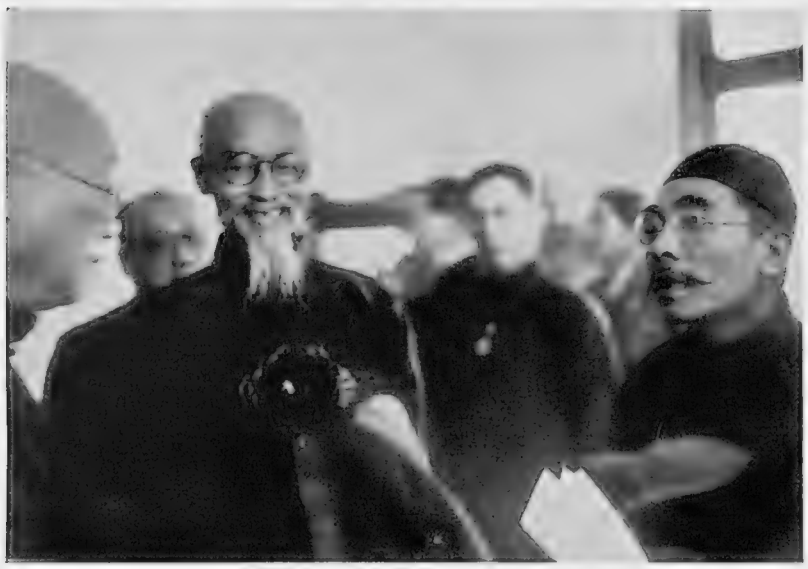
Round the promontory is Wei-hai-wei, the "majestic ocean fortress," as its name implies. During the Ming Dynasty (A.D. 1368 to A.D. 1628) north-east Shantung suffered severely from the piratical attacks of Japanese freebooters, and about the year 1398 the Chinese Government established a series of military outposts or "Weis" along the coast-line, one of the most important of which was at this spot. It was at Wei-hai-wei that the Chinese fleet surrendered to Japan in the war of 1894–5. So it seems that history is repeating itself as to Japanese attacks. Wei-hai-wei, together with the adjacent island of Liu-kung-tao, was leased to Britain in 1898, but was given back to China in 1930. A very popular seaside resort it has been having, like Chefoo, what is said to be the finest climate in China.

(*Continued on page* 150)

IN NORTH CHINA:

While the Invaders Inaugurate a Puppet Government in Peiping, their Flying Columns Advance Steadily through Shantung, Meeting with Little Opposition

JAPAN SETS UP "A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC" IN THE CONQUERED NORTH: Members of the new administration in Peiping, nearly all of them veteran Chinese politicians who were in power before 1920, pictured outside the "Palace of Benevolence" after they had been formally installed in office and had pledged themselves, in effect, to carry out the wishes of Japan. The ministry includes executive, judicial, and legislative commissions, headed respectively by Wang Ke-min (third from left), Tung Kang (fifth from right), Minister of Justice in the Peiping Government of 1921, and Tang Erh-ho (third from right). The Government has taken over the Maritime Customs offices and has stated that British and other foreign loans secured against the Customs will be dealt with in "a fair and just manner"



PRO-JAPANESE: Bearded Tang Erh-ho, head of the legislative commission of the provisional government set up by the Japanese in Peiping, pictured on arrival in the city to take up his duties. He is one of the many veterans in the puppet administration, members of which are seen below during their visit to Tientsin to interview General Terauchi, the Japanese commander in the north

IN HONOUR OF THE NEW REGIME: The centuries old h'ai lou, or ceremonial arch, in one of Peiping's main thoroughfares which, according to a recent report, has been specially adorned and is being illuminated at night to mark the inauguration of the new provisional government set up by the Japanese conquerors. At the time of writing no Prime Minister, Foreign Minister, or Finance Minister has as yet been appointed to office

IN CONQUERED NORTH CHINA: Two pictures taken by a British naval officer in the temple of Ai-Shan, about 10 miles from the city of Wei-hai-wei. *Above on left*—Sheng-Mu, the Holy Mother to whom the shrine is dedicated and who is regarded as the protective deity of sailors and fishermen. *Right* The old priest in charge of the temple pictured in one of the courtyards during his daily round of cleaning and dusting

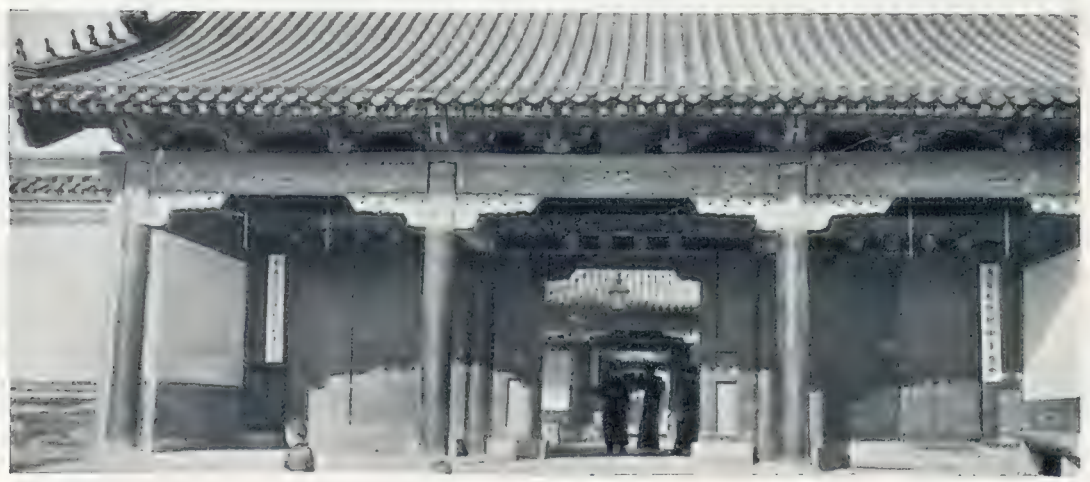
PILGRIMAGE TO SACRED KUFOW

The Town of Shantung Province, Famed as the Birthplace of Confucius, which Has Just Been Captured by the Japanese

WILLING HANDS: Villagers helping to move across a trestle bridge the car in which the cameraman who took these pictures was attempting to get to Kufow, celebrated as the birthplace of Confucius. He eventually reached his destination and, as the illustrations on this and the following page show, was able to record many of the antiquities of the place and to meet Prince Kung Teh-cheng, the seventy-fifth lineal descendant of Confucius

"THE TEMPLE OF THE GREAT HARMONY": It marks the site of the house of Confucius and is visited by countless pilgrims to Kufow. On January 4 the town fell into the hands of the Japanese when a flying column advancing rapidly from Tsinan entered it without meeting resistance. The capture of Kufow may have little importance strategically, but from the point of view of sentiment it could hardly be exaggerated

BEFORE BATTLE: Chinese soldiers leaving the "Temple of the Great Harmony" after offering up prayers for their cause. The temple has been severely damaged by lightning on several occasions, and in 1724 it is recorded that it was almost completely razed to the ground. The then reigning Emperor rebuilt it, making it more splendid than before, and for the ceremony of dedication in 1732 he sent five of his sons to Kufow



THE GREAT GATEWAY OF KUFOW beneath which year in and year out hosts of pilgrims make their way to the shrine of Confucius, the sage whose principles of human duty have been a pattern for the ages

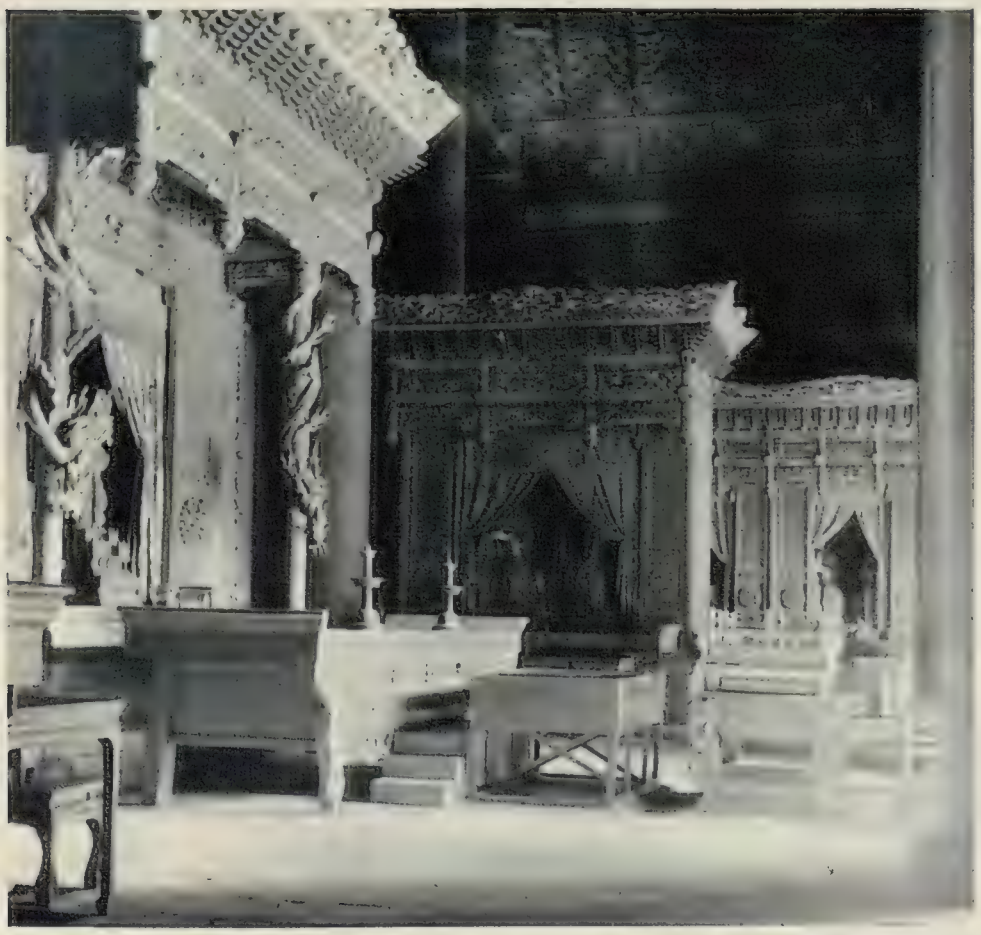
PRINCELY FACTOTUM: The clerk who shows visitors to Kufow round the residence of his master, Prince Kung

PRINCESS KUNG, the wife of the seventy-fifth lineal descendant of Confucius, and (*on left*) the main entrance to their home which they have vacated since the Japanese occupation of Kufow. The Princess comes of an old Peking family which served for many generations at the Imperial Court

THE CONFUCIUS SHRINE

And the Home of the Sage's Descendant, Whom the Japanese Would Like to Make Emperor

"THE SOUL, THRONE OF ANTIQUITY'S MOST PERFECT SAGE, CONFUCIUS" Is the inscription on this figure of Confucius in the "Temple of the Great Harmony" at Kufow, the town of his birth, which has just been captured by the Japanese. The statue, which is hewn out of sandalwood, was one of the few objects that escaped in 1724 when the shrine was almost completely destroyed



WITHIN "THE TEMPLE OF THE GREAT HARMONY": Three of the memorials dedicated to the disciples of Confucius who helped to spread far and wide his humanitarian doctrines. It is known that during his life he gathered round him a school of ardent and inquiring spirits to whom he communicated his views on the ancient literature and history of China. *On right*—The tomb of Confucius who died in 479 B.C. within two decades of the equally great Greek philosopher Pythagoras

SOUGHT AS A PUPPET RULER BY THE INVADERS: Prince Kung, seventy-fifth lineal descendant of Confucius, who left Kufow as the Japanese flying columns descended upon the town. It is interesting to recall that he was visited last August by a Japanese delegation, which suggested that he should consider becoming Emperor of China if Japan's plans for invasion proved successful. Prince Kung, who is in the middle twenties, at once rejected the suggestion on the ground that it would interfere with his classical education. He was, he said, too young, and his family, from Confucius onward, had never sought worldly power

HORNED HEADS of SHAPELY BEAUTY

At "The Field" Exhibition of Sporting Trophies at the Imperial Institute, S. Kensington

VERITABLE SCIMITARS: These mighty horns, annulated and curved evenly backward, belong to the sable. They are even more formidable in appearance than those of the roan antelope (depicted *above on right*) and, when at bay, the animal puts them to the most desperate purpose, having the reputation of being a great fighter

The superb grace of the horned heads on view at the British Sporting Exhibition now being held at the Imperial Institute cannot help but fire the imagination even of those not particularly interested in big game hunting. It is a truly wonderful array, and it is hardly surprising that when exhibited in competition in Berlin a short while ago it swept the board.

Here nature's ingenuity is revealed in all its majesty from the sharply pointed, annulated horns of the roan and sable antelope, to the cockscrew weapons of the eland, and the superb spirals of the Himalayan mountain goat.

Of comparable interest is the photographic section which evidences the extent to which stalking with a camera has become popular—a point made by the Earl of Athlone, Queen Mary's brother and a former Governor-General of South Africa, in his inaugural speech at the exhibition.

Stalking with a camera, he said, was an even greater sport than stalking with a rifle, and of late this had come to be realised. But when photographing dangerous game, even with a telescopic lens, someone else must be close by with a rifle. In the various expeditions of Princess Alice and himself in many regions of Africa photography played a great part.

IN BRAVE ARRAY: A section of the wonderful display of heads of various members of the antelope family on view at the British Sporting Exhibition organised by *The Field* at the Imperial Institute. In the centre are roan antelope their graceful horns, sharply pointed, evenly curved, and annulated. Above them to left and right are nyala, whose horns twist and curve over and inward in beautiful fashion

THE CORKSCREW HORNS OF THE ELAND, the largest of African antelope, have a beauty all their own. They average about eighteen inches long and are found among both sexes. The eland is gentle in nature and not difficult to domesticate. The small head on the extreme right is that of a situtinga hailing from the Dambra islands, and is also included in the African section of the exhibition

RECORD HEADS: These two markhor, a type of Himalayan goat, were shot in Kashmir and Gilgit. The spiral horns measure respectively 65 ins. and 60¾ ins. and nothing to equal them has ever been brought down

THE RED SEA IBEX is another beautiful creature, its annulated horns curving in a beautiful semi-circle, indeed almost reaching back to the neck

A CURIOSITY OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM: The stuffed specimen of the giant panda shot in Sze-chuan in 1935. It is half white, and a black saddle runs over its shoulders, down over its forequarters to the toes of its forefeet, while the hind legs, the ears, the very tip of the nose, and the eyes are also black, thus heightening the incongruous effect

GENRE *at the* R.A. :

These Domestic Scenes by Maes and Finsonius Command Attention at Burlington House

Lent by Lord Swaythling

ARTISTIC FREEDOM Is the keynote of this fine genre subject by Nicolaes Maes (1632-1693) at the Exhibition of 17th Century Art. It is simply entitled "A Kitchen with a Woman at the Pump," and reveals all the charm of the Dutch interior. Maes was a pupil of Rembrandt and this canvas belongs to his earlier manner before he had developed into an elegant portraitist

A YOUTH WITH A RECORDER *by* LUDOVICUS FINSONIUS

This interesting Caravaggesque picture, which has been lent by the Ashmolean Museum, is widely regarded as the work of Finsonius, a painter hailing from Bruges, who worked chiefly in southern France. The instrument the youth is shown playing belongs to the flute family, having a very soft, sweet, bird-like tone, and was much in favour in Tudor times. It was finally ousted by the stronger German flute

BENEATH NANKING'S TOWERING WALLS: Japanese engineers hastily erecting a temporary trestle structure across a gap in a bridge leading to the city. A picture taken after the capital had been taken. Meanwhile General Chiang Kai-Shek's Government moved in force up the Yangtse to the comparative security of Chungking which lies 900 miles from Nanking in a direct line, and many more if the winding course of the river is followed

On left—
WHERE THE RIVER GLIDES SMOOTHLY: Junks on the Yangtse between Nanking and Hankow, a part of the great waterway that offers no serious difficulties for the mariner compared with the treacherous gorges of Ichang and the reaches below Chungking which at low water have such a host of hazards in the nature of shoals and sandbanks. Fortunately the Yangtse pilots, who belong to a Government organisation, reach a very high standard of efficiency

THE NEW ADMINISTRATIVE
which are built the frail ho
Kai-Shek has lately moved
west China, goods in norm

CHINA'S GOVERNMENT RETREATS UP THE YANGTSE

From Captured Nanking to Remote Chungking, until the War a Busy, Thriving River Port of the South-West

ON THE WAY TO CHUNGKING: A picturesque and rocky islet in the Yangtse, China's great river highway, along which her harassed Government has beaten a strategic retreat. On the rocks can be seen the line indicating the maximum height reached by this waterway of extremes. The melting of the snows on the Tibetan highlands, combined with the heavy summer rainfall, causes an annual rise of from 70 ft. to nearly 100 ft., and it is then that navigation is safest. At other times of the year the loss of craft on the shoals and sandbanks is very considerable

TIVE CAPITAL: The towering cliff fronting the river at Chungking against ail homes of some of the poorer folk. The city, to which General Chiang oved his Government, is the centre for the trade of a large area of south- normal times being brought to it by junks from the coast and distributed by smaller vessels going up the Yangtse's various tributaries. Trade has been more or less at a standstill of late but on Friday of last week it was stated by a Japanese official spokesman that from now on foreign ships may again navigate the river providing that their movements do not conflict with Japanese military requirements. Ships must be provided with a Japanese naval escort

"THIS MONEY BUSINESS": Cyril Campion's farce, which has just been transferred to the Garrick, is full of bright situations, and depicts another of those Bohemian stage families. *Left*—Gwen Lacey (Veronica Rose) and Gerald Esmond (Henry Kendall), the painter who cannot sell his pictures, find Alice Rivers (Tonie Edgar Bruce), the wealthy theatre-owner, a disturbing influence. *Right*—Gerald sketches Minnie (Diana Beaumont), the charming and efficient maid, while looking on is Judy (Antoinette Cellier)

On STAGE—

Bernard Shaw Follows Up "The Sphere's" Attack on Slovenly Speech in the Theatre: George Robey, a Pattern to the Profession

RECENTLY I had occasion to complain in these columns of the faulty audibility of a Shakespearean production at the Old Vic. Only a small proportion of the cast took the trouble to let us hear the lovely poetry of the lines—poetry which is the play's sole justification. The only alternative I can conceive to the fact that they could not, or would not, speak up is that they were told not to speak up, for in modern production—particularly in the modern production of Shakespeare—no move is too fantastic.

I have learned of late to be surprised at nothing your "producer with ideas" may foist on the public when a large proportion of that public consists of *intelligentsia* of his own way of thinking. It seems that I am not alone in my protest against slovenly speech in the theatre, and that a day or two after its publication no less a person than Mr. Bernard Shaw endorsed it with characteristic vigour. In the course of a message read out to a meeting of the Association of Teachers of Speech and Drama at University College, London, Mr. Shaw paid a tribute to the diction of Queen Victoria ("whom some of our worst stage gabblers would probably term a ham elocutionist"); of a number of clergymen, among them the two archbishops, the Rev. Pat McCormick and the Vicar of Tewkesbury; of the political tub-thumpers ("who may talk nothing but nonsense but at least articulate it clearly"); of the telephone girls; and of those who hold forth in the Law Courts ("where a slovenly speaker would have no chance"). All of which is profoundly Shavian and also, I think, profoundly true. But Mr. Shaw hits the right nail even harder on the head when he declares: "If you want to hear slovenly speech that conveys nothing to the unfortunate audience and wastes the labour of the author the theatre alone can provide you with it.

"One reason for this is that our dramatic schools and our producers are so distracted by the other arts which the theatre exercises—the lighting, the colouring, the dressing, and the stage fashions in what is called 'expressionism' and which mostly expresses nothing but sheer folly—that they have no time left for the central art of speech, on which all plays that have any brains in them depend.

"For my own work I prefer actors who have been trained as musicians. An opera sung by people with no ears for music is not more horrible than a play by Shakespeare or Shaw spoken by people with no sense of verbal music or no trained skill in executing it.

"Yet such people offer you Shakespeare though they would never dream of offering you Handel or Elgar."

I trust that after digesting this certain producers will realise that when Page or Shaw says a thing, it is so.

Non-stop Robey.—There are, of course, those to whom the above distinguished censure does not apply. A superb non-mumbler, for instance, is Mr. George Robey, whose diction is as perfect as his comic methods and who has the gumption to realise that it would be waste of time to give forth his comic songs and patter if his audience could not hear every syllable.

I would suggest that our low-, medium-, and high-brow inaudibles should be herded into classes and taken to the revue at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, which has now blossomed into a second (and much better) edition, for it has an incomparable asset in Mr. Robey who, at nearer seventy than sixty, seems to thrive on the rigours of non-stoppery. He is as alert and as virile and as vigorous as he was when I first heard him at the old Oxford—well, never mind how many years ago.

Except for one scene in which he appears as the Prime Minister at the court of Louis XV, he is in the revue rather than of it. He retains his famous music-hall get-up, singing and talking of scandal-mongering relations, of the ladies of Gloucester and their behaviour, and of much else that certainly gingered up the tired business men who were in the theatre between 7 p.m and 9 p.m., which is an excellent tonic, I found, for a Robeyan cocktail.

Our greatest comedian is as great as ever. It is not, of course, mere distinctness of utterance that has made him achieve that greatness. But most emphatically do I maintain that this fine quality is an essential part of it.

A New Symphony.—At the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert at the Queen's Hall last week they did not offer Handel or Elgar, but they did offer a new symphony by Mr. E. J. Moeran. I have known Mr. Moeran, a genial Irishman who has chosen to spend much of his time in Norfolk, his songs and his chamber music for a good many years. This symphony in G minor is his first large-scale effort and it stamps him as a large-scale composer.

He began to write a symphony in 1925 and scrapped it, though he retained some of the material and embodied it in the present work, which he began four years ago in Norfolk and completed in the wilds of County Kerry. It has an Irish flavour, very marked in the exquisite air with which the first movement opens, yet it is none of your "folk-song conscious" productions which form much too large a part of the output of modern British composers. After a time it runs wild, with an occasional flavour of Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* and other Russians, the composer writing with ease and great vigour for an enormous orchestra.

I thought it a work with some moments of rare beauty and always brimming with vitality and interesting ideas. Whatever may be thought of this symphony and of the school to which it belongs, not even its bitterest opponents could truthfully call it dull, and it was played immaculately by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Mr. Leslie Heward. I cannot condemn too strongly, therefore, the gross bad manners of those groups of people—not, fortunately, large groups, and of utterly unimportant people—who ostentatiously left the hall in the pauses between the

"FROM THE TREES, BRANCHES REACH CROOKED HANDS TO TEAR HER": A scene from *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, the most ambitious animated cartoon ever attempted, which has just had its world premiere in Hollywood, achieving yet another success for its creator, Walt Disney

On left and below on left — GRUMPY, SLEEPY, SNEEZY, HAPPY, BASHFUL, DOPEY, and DOC: Two impressions of the seven dwarfs who star with Snow White in Walt Disney's ninety minute, £300,000 animated colour cartoon version of the Grimms famous fairy tale which before long will be released in this country. Sceptical Hollywood, that had wondered whether a fairy story could have enough suspense to hold an audience through seven reels, and whether, even if the plot held up, an audience would care about the fate of characters who were just drawings, was convinced that Walt Disney had done it again when the picture was presented for the first time in the film colony. In a recent criticism the American journal *Time* said: *Snow White* is as exciting as a Western, as funny as a hay-wire comedy. It combines the classic idiom of folklore drama with rollicking comic-strip humor. A combination of Hollywood, the Grimm Brothers, and the sad, searching fantasy of universal childhood, it is an authentic masterpiece, to be shown in theatres and beloved by new generations long after the current crop of stars, writers, and directors are sleeping where no Prince's kiss can wake them

'NEVER HARM, NOR SPELL, NOR CHARM, COME OUR LOVELY LADY NIGH": Vivien Leigh as the sleeping Titania, Queen of the Fairies, in Tyrone Guthrie's stylised production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which is now playing at the Old Vic with a notable cast including Ralph Richardson who is depicted (*on right*) as Bottom, the weaver, in the disguise of the donkey

On right—"HERE IS THE SCROLL OF EVERY MAN'S NAME WHICH IS THOUGHT FIT, THROUGH ALL ATHENS, TO PLAY IN OUR INTERLUDE BEFORE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS": Quince, the carpenter; Bottom, the weaver; Snug, the joiner; Snout, the tinker; and Flute, the bellows-mender, gather to rehearse their play. Another scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which is now drawing big crowds to the Old Vic

movements. Had this been a new symphony by a Russian or a Pole or a Finn with an unpronounceable name, conducted by some much-publicised foreign conductor, they would have sat as tight as limpets and as still as mice to the very end. There are few snobs quite so sickening as the musical snob.

Some French Films. — Like Mr. Robey, the average French film is for the adult palate, which is one reason why I like both. Perhaps one day the mighty minds of Hollywood will grow up and spend some months in whatever corresponds to Hollywood in France. Those minds will be the better for it; but their bank balances smaller, for it is the large theatres and the bulk of the immense cinema-going public which are concerned with the sex-ridden nit-witteries of the American film. I grant that so far as London is concerned French films

—*and* SCREEN : *By Philip Page*

are found only in smaller theatres mainly because they are in French. The position would not, however, be materially altered were they translated; an English version of *Ces Messieurs de la Santé*, for instance, (which I venture to regard as the wittiest film ever made) would never fill your Regals and your Plazas and your Astorias.

I have just seen three admirable French films, *La Belle Equipe*, *Gribouille*, and *La Grande Illusion*, at the little Berkeley, the little Curzon, and the little Academy respectively. The best of the three is the last, but all are well worth a visit—or two.

La Grande Illusion is not witty nor is it intended to be, since it is a story of the war and of prisoners of war. It has a lighter touch occasionally, but the greater part of it is grim. Two familiar qualities of the French film are to the fore—the perfect taste, shown in a sense of restraint throughout, and the absence of any tendency (which comes to much the same thing) to throw vast sums of money away in garish and unnecessary display for the tickling of the fancy of the groundlings in their teeming millions. Whatever the nationality of our imaginary but very real friend, Sol Hogwasch, it is certainly not French. And whatever the ultimate fate of the Front Populaire, the French remain the aristocrats of the film world. *La Grande Illusion* is perfectly acted, particularly in the case of M. Pierre Fresnay and M. Jean Gabin.

Gribouille has a rather tragic story, involving a murder trial, but it is much lighter in flavour. It is the flavour which, to repeat, is hardly likely to appeal to other than adults. Lovers of true comedy will welcome the appearance of M. Raimu who first became known to London film audiences by reason of his magnificent performance in the afore-mentioned *Ces Messieurs*, etc. Mlle Michele Morgan plays a hapless young Russian girl with sincere pathos, but with a grand sense of fun obviously (though not too obviously) just round the corner.

M. Jean Gabin is to be seen again in *La Belle Equipe*, which is concerned with the favourite French film yarn of winning a lottery. This reappears in fresh and amusing form, with a satirical vein throughout. The humour is never overdone and the whole thing simply smells, purely in a figurative sense, of Paris.

"Humpty Dumpty."—The children are, I suppose, trickling back to school now, but the pantomimes are, most of them, still drawing good audiences. I found a packed house at the Golders Green Hippodrome, which was not surprising, for *Humpty Dumpty* is an exceptionally good show, which does not rely on the juvenile appeal by a very long chalk. I was intrigued to find that fine singer, Mr. Thorpe Bates, switching easily from *Parsifal* to pantomime. And there could be no more delightful principal girl than Miss Constance Carpenter, who was a joy to Lyceum audiences in this capacity a few seasons ago and has just returned from America.

Irving Centenary.—Nothing appears to be contemplated, said a recent issue of *The Stage*, for any special commemoration by the theatrical profession of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry Irving. Irving was born at Keinton Mandeville on February 6, 1837. However, the London Museum, Lancaster House, St. James's, is arranging an Irving exhibition which will open on Monday, February 7. The aim of the exhibition, which is to continue for several weeks, will be to illustrate the actor's life and work and the Irving tradition as it has affected the London stage. The final arrangements are not yet complete but the display will probably be arranged in the entrance hall. Among the exhibits will be many costumes, drawings, portraits, and other relics of Irving. Many of the exhibits have been lent by Julia Neilson, John Gielgud, Sir John Martin-Harvey, Sir Bernard Partridge, Gabrielle Enthoven, Robert Atkins, Noel Coward, and Tom Heslewood. Further reference to the centenary will appear in a forthcoming issue of THE SPHERE.

Drawn by Percy Home

ROBERT HELPMANN AS OBERON in the Old Vic production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the scenery and costumes for which have been designed by Oliver Messel in the Victorian tradition "of operatic fairies in white muslin flying through groves of emerald canvas." The Victorian influence is also provided by Mendelssohn's music used as accompaniment

The impressive scene in Westminster Cathedral as Cardinal Hinsley knelt before the high altar at the service of Solemn Reception held in honour of his return from Rome, where he recently received from the Pope the Red Hat—emblem of his new dignity. He is the first English cardinal created since Cardinal Bourne and has received this recognition comparatively early on. Some 7,000 people attended the service. The nave and the aisles were crowded, with many standing, and others looked down from the semi-darkness of the galleries. The Ambassadors of Brazil, France, Belgium, and Poland, the Austrian Minister, and the High Commissioner for Ireland were all present.

Cardinal Hinsley's Homecoming

DRAWN BY VERONICA HAIGH

"OUR ENGLISH TINTORETTO": The Tragedy of William Dobson, a Seventeenth-Century Artist Deserving Greater Recognition

By R. H. WILENSKI

Lent by T. C. Dormer

SIR CHARLES COTTERELL, MASTER OF CEREMONIES TO CHARLES I AND CHARLES II: An example of the work of William Dobson on view at the exhibition of 17th century art

WILLIAM DOBSON, painter of the fine picture, "Prince Rupert, Colonel William Murray, and Colonel John Russell," in the Seventeenth-century Exhibition at Burlington House, was an artist whose reputation would surely be higher than it is had he had better luck and lived longer and in less troubled times. For in this picture (which is reproduced herewith) Dobson appears as a strong, personal artist, and a direct ancestor of Reynolds. The head of the hesitant Colonel Russell is a really first-rate piece of characterisation, and Prince Rupert's thoughts are also admirably rendered. Skilful cleaning of this picture would bring out, I feel, certain unsuspected delicacies of colour and coherence in the composition, and prove it to be a key-picture of the English school which the National Gallery would be proud to possess.

Dobson's life story was something of a tragedy, for at the moment when Van Dyck was at the height of his success in England the work of this young English painter caught his eye and so much impressed him that he took him as pupil and assistant and eventually introduced him to the King. Exactly how or when this happened is not certainly known. The earliest likely date is 1636 when Van Dyck finally established himself in England and set up a magnificent studio with numerous assistants. In that year Dobson was twenty-six. By 1640, when he was thirty, I imagine him in charge of Van Dyck's London studio when Van Dyck went to Antwerp to attend the funeral of Rubens. And when Van Dyck died next year at the age of forty-two the King made Dobson his Sergeant Painter, sat to him for his portrait, and referred to him as "Our English Tintoretto"—an interesting observation because the handling of the paint in the head and shoulders portrait of "Sir Charles Cotterell" in the exhibition does in fact show Dobson's delight in Venetian painting.

Thus encouraged Dobson at thirty-one set up a fine studio of his own and made ready to take Van Dyck's place as the leading Court painter. He seems for a time to have imitated Van Dyck's extravagance, to have entertained and lived in some state. But then the civil war came, the Court moved to Oxford, where he had to go to make the drawings for his portraits (for some of which in the circumstances he was probably not paid) and he became involved in financial difficulties. In the end he was imprisoned for debt and he died soon after at the age of thirty-six (in 1646). Described as a "fair, middle-sized man of a ready wit and pleasing conversation but somewhat loose and irregular in his way of living" he was perhaps to some extent himself responsible for his misfortunes. And he was also it would seem to some extent a victim of heredity, for his father, a St. Alban's gentleman and Master of the Alienation Office, is said to have dispersed what then remained of his family's fortunes by his generosity to his lady friends.

Dobson painted a number of portraits of Cavaliers, some of which were seen three years ago at Burlington House. He also painted a certain number of history pictures as subject pictures were then called, as well as portraits; and it would have been interesting to see some examples in the present show beside Lely's "Europa" and "Idyll". For as a portrait painter he stands up manfully to Lely in his downright portrayal of the older man in "Old Stone and his Son" and still more in the two groups "Sir Charles Cotterell, William Dobson, and Sir Balthasar Gerbier" and "Prince Rupert, Colonel William Murray, and Colonel John Russell". In the first of these group pictures he is still evidently a disciple of Van Dyck and (witness the painting of Gerbier's head) through Van Dyck, of Rubens. But the second puts him in a higher rank than could have been suspected from any of his pictures exhibited in our time.

Lent by Lord Sandys

"DOBSON APPEARS AS A STRONG PERSONAL ARTIST" says R. H. Wilenski, the well-known art critic, in his reference to this picture showing Prince Rupert and Colonel Murray trying to persuade Colonel Russell, who had resigned his commission, to resume his duty to the Royalist cause

NEW YEAR BABY: Nora, a specimen of Hartmann's Mountain Zebra, which is extremely rare even in its wild state, with her foal—the first "baby" to be born in the London Zoo in 1938. The father is Joe, who arrived from New York over ten years ago, and this is their fifth offspring, two of which have not survived

ZOO BABIES

Three Interesting New Arrivals at Regent's Park

DIANA THE TAPIR, daughter of Joe and Sue, is growing fast and, although she does not know it, she will soon be losing those glorious stripes of hers, growing instead a less distinguished coat of deep brown. *Left*—Lightning (Shetland pony) with her diminutive filly, Dot, which was born on January 10 and some day will doubtless be emulating her mother in giving rides to the children visiting Regent's Park

FAMED FAÇADE: The St. James's Square frontage of Norfolk House, the property of the Duke of Norfolk, which together with Old Norfolk House, which stands behind it, is shortly to be demolished to make way for building development. The remaining contents are to be sold at Christie's on February 7, 8, and 9. The place is a superb example of English eighteenth-century architecture and a characteristic and outstanding model of the technique of Matthew Brettingham, the pupil of William Kent, who according to the Dictionary of National Biography, was an architect of no great inspiration but with a knowledge and skill equal to that of any of his contemporaries

GEORGE III'S BIRTHPLACE TO BE DEMOLISHED

Old Norfolk House and Norfolk House, St. James's Square, Both Coming Down

Old Norfolk House was built by the founder of St. James's Square, Henry Jermyn Earl of St. Albans, in 1665.

When Frederick Prince of Wales quarrelled with his father, George II, the 9th Duke of Norfolk—then the owner—loaned Old Norfolk House to the Prince, and it was here that George III was born in 1738.

Amongst other notable personages who have lived here are Cosmo III, Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Earl of Faversham (Commander of the Royal Forces at Sedgemoor), Sir John Duncome (Chancellor of the Exchequer), and the 1st Earl of Portland, whose son, the Duke of Portland, acquired the freehold in 1715, and made extensive alterations.

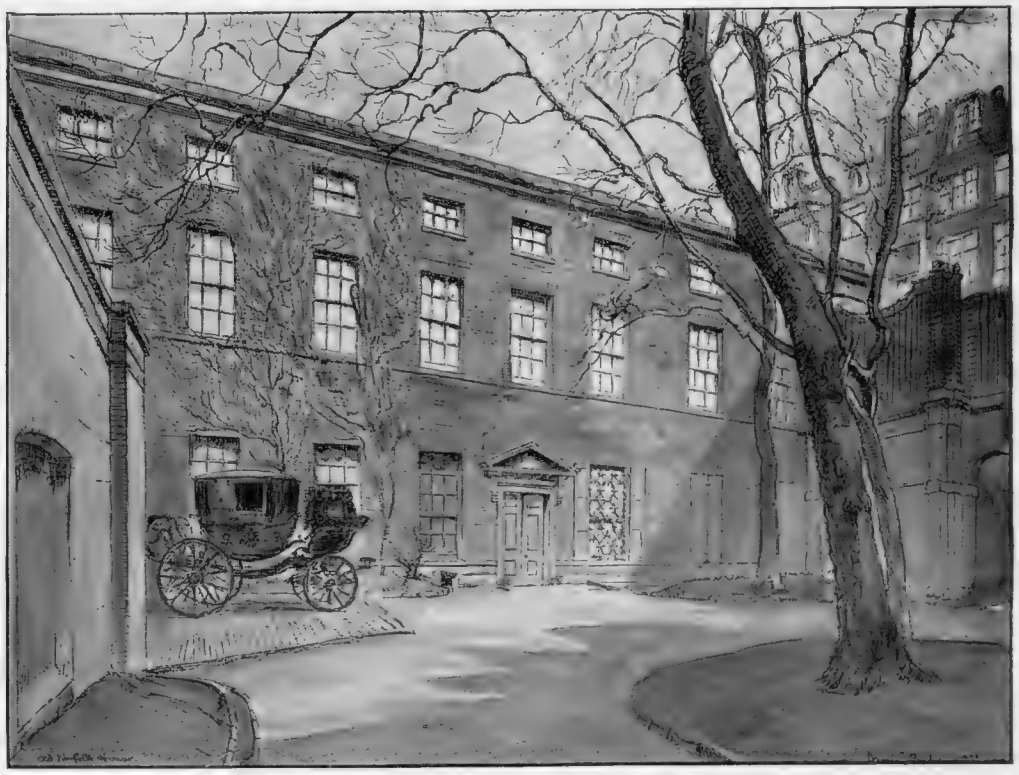
It was owing to his financial losses caused by the bursting of the South Sea Bubble that he was compelled to sell the house in 1721 to the 8th Duke of Norfolk, in whose family the property has remained until the present day.

NORFOLK HOUSE, that lovely residence in St. James's Square shortly to be demolished, is typical of the best type of Georgian architecture. Its heavily moulded ceilings, beautiful doors, and carved marble mantelpieces are not to be outrivalled in their excellence by any other examples of this period.

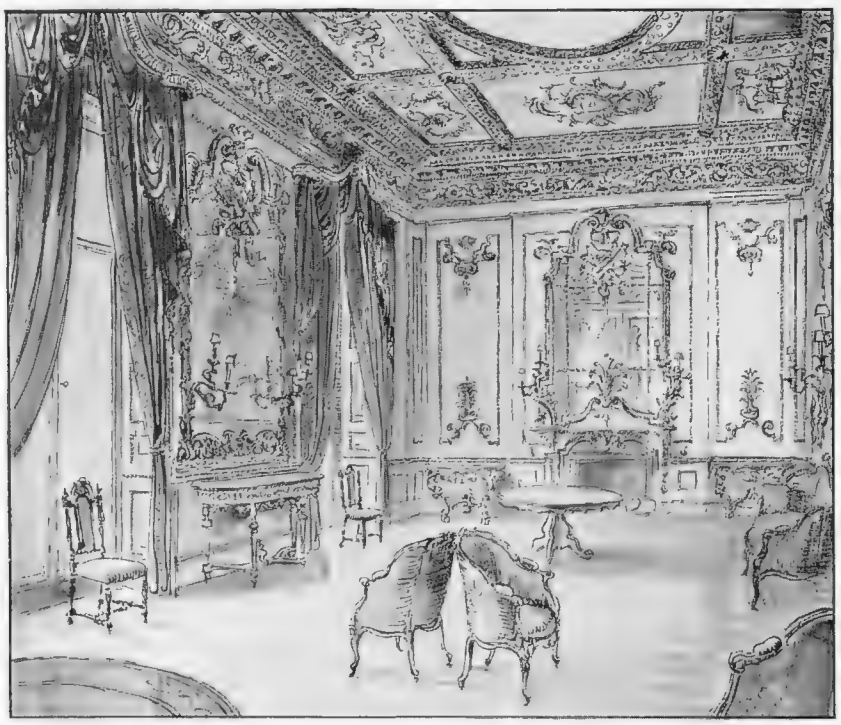
The magnificence of the ballroom in its Italianesque splendour finds its equal only in the Music Room. The latter is regarded as the choicest example of the Georgian period in the whole of London.

The ceiling and walls are panelled, and decorated with plaques representing musical instruments and emblems of the arts and crafts, the mouldings delicately picked out in gilt, there are three handsome mirrors between the beautifully proportioned windows, which add space and dignity to an already spacious and dignified apartment.

Although much can be said in praise of this noble and regal edifice, the gem of the estate is Old Norfolk House, situated across the garden facing the back of the House as shown on the map given on this page. Here we find a lovely old building, rich in historical interest

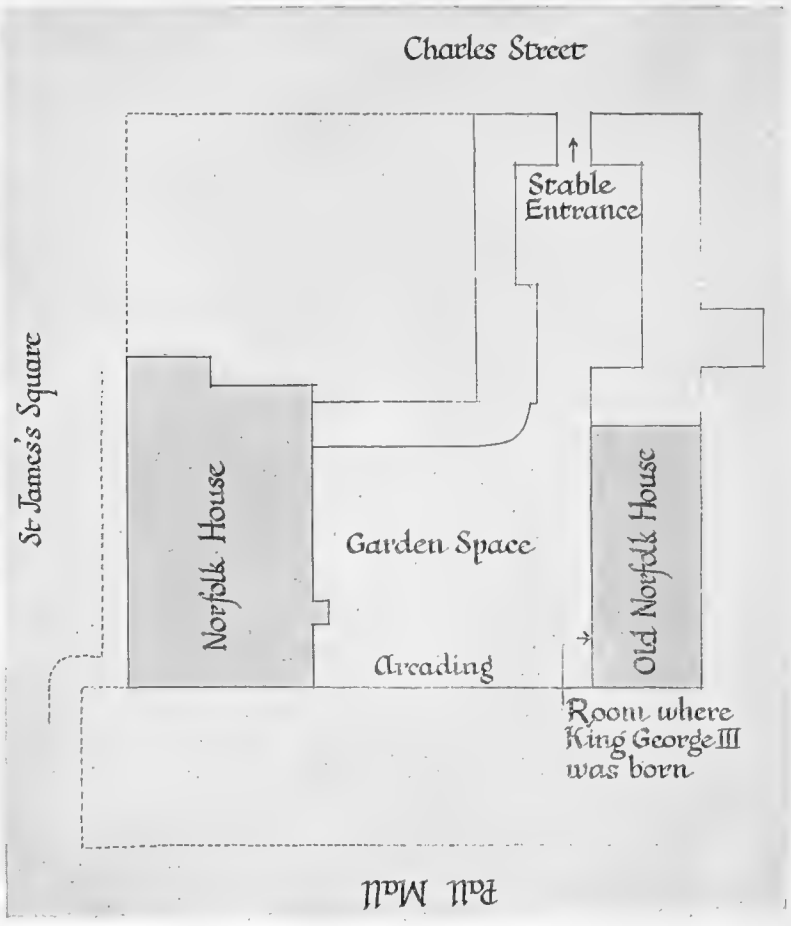


WHERE A KING WAS BORN: Old Norfolk House, which stands on the same property as Norfolk House and is also to be demolished. It was in an upper room to the right of the porch that George III first saw the light



Drawings by Dennis Flanders

THE MUSIC ROOM, one of the most spacious and richly furnished apartments in Norfolk House. The ceiling and wall decorations have been presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum, but the brocade curtains and furniture, much of it of the Louis XV period, are to be included in the forthcoming auction



On right—

THE NORFOLK PROPERTY: A sketch map showing the positions of the two houses, both of which are to be demolished. They face each other across a small garden

THE PRESERVATION OF BRAMALL

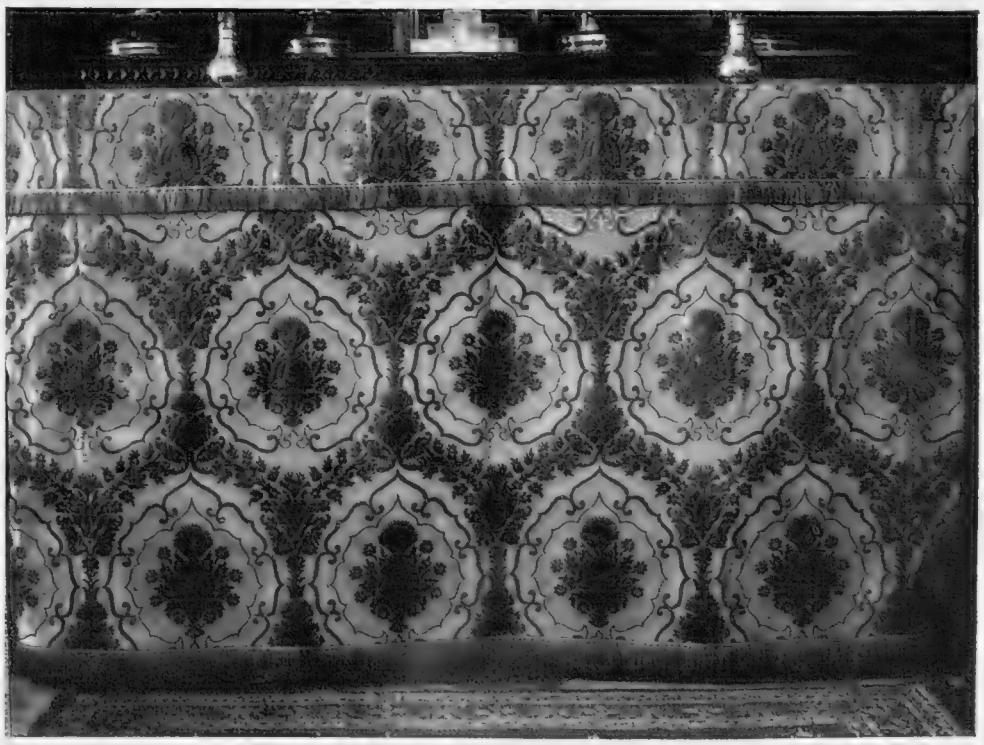
A Fine Old Cheshire Mansion Saved For The Nation

SIXTEENTH CENTURY "MAGPIE" ARCHITECTURE AT ITS BEST: A view from the courtyard of Bramall Hall, Cheshire, the great mansion which has been acquired by the Hazel Grove and Bramhall Urban District Council in order to safeguard it for all time from possible building development and to give the general public an opportunity of seeing its antiquities and enjoying the natural beauty of its wooded setting. Bramall, which lies about 2½ miles south of Stockport overlooking the Lyme Hills, is typical of the renowned "black and white" residences of Cheshire, and for the most part the structure as we know it to-day dates from between the years 1590 and 1600, when it was built by Sir William Davenport. Sir William's son owned it during the Civil War and, it appears, suffered considerably at the hands of both parties, the diary that he left being full of details of his troubles. His descendants in the male line continued, however, to hold the place until 1829

THE SILKWORMS OF LULLINGSTONE

Help To Make An Altar Frontal For a Kentish Church

A STATELY ENGLISH HOME: The chapel (*above*) and the great hall at Bramall (*right*) as they appear to-day. The former, although dismantled, contains numerous interesting features, including a fine roof divided into six bays by large oak beams, and the latter has windows containing beautiful examples of early ornamental leadwork. The Hazel Grove and Bramhall Urban District Council, which owns the building, wishes to furnish it in a style worthy of its architectural magnificence, and it is pointed out that pieces typical of the period will be gratefully accepted either by gift or loan in order to assist in carrying out this object



SERICULTURE IN KENT: Some time ago Lady Hart Dyke established a silk-worm farm at her home at Lullingstone Castle, mention of which has more than once been made in "The Sphere," and one of the latest achievements of this successful venture has been the production for the local church of St. Botolph of an altar front which is shown from a distance in the view *on the left* and in detail *above*. There is little doubt that this is the only church in the country that can claim an adornment of this nature made of silk spun by silk-worms of the parish. It is beautifully worked in red and gold in an elaborate design with a thistle motif

PIONEERING JOURNEY TO THE ANTIPODES: *Left*—Captain J. W. Burgess, the commander of *Centaurus*, and (*right*) the *Centaurus* taking off from Hythe in December last at the start of her 30,000-mile flight to Australia and New Zealand and back to survey the proposed Imperial Airways air mail route. On January 4 she reached Dunedin, her farthest point south, and on the 13th flew from Melbourne to Sydney in 4 hrs. 8 mins., an hour ahead of schedule. On arrival she made two trips over the bay with guests, who included the Governor of New South Wales, His Excellency Lord Huntingfield, and Lady Huntingfield

LEAVING EUROPE BEHIND: An aerial view of Athens as the air liner speeds on its way in the early stages of the long flight to Australia across 10,000 miles of varied terrain

BY FLYING-BOAT TO AUSTRALIA

Preparing a Chain of New Airports Across Half the World

THE introduction of the big Empire flying-boats on the Empire routes of Imperial Airways, begun with the South African section on July 1 last, has necessitated the provision of new bases along the route to Australia to take the place of the land aerodromes in use hitherto. The policy of adopting flying-boats for all the long distance services will enable flying stock to be standardised and will avoid much of the complication which the use of land aerodromes involves.

As a result of this policy the Empire air mail route to Sydney will in due course be operated right through by flying-boats and the route onwards from Port Darwin, which at present goes overland to Sydney, will probably be taken over by the boats next year. All first-class mail will be carried from England to Australia by air without surcharge and the return mail will probably be carried at an inclusive rate of 5d. per ½ oz. instead of the present charge of 1s. 6d. per ½ oz.

To meet the requirements of the flying-boats new airports with seaplane anchorages and alighting areas together with accommodation for passengers, technical staff, and stores have had to be chosen and prepared at intervals along the route. A base near Bagdad at the end of the long crossing of the desert from Egypt was obviously of prime importance as a sort of half-way house between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. At first sight the Rivers Tigris or Euphrates might appear to provide suitable alighting places but both these rivers proved unsuitable because they rise and fall considerably at different times of the year and in order to be sure of sufficient depth for the big boats the alighting point, and therefore the shore establishment, would have to be constantly moved in accordance with the rise or fall of the river level.

The problem has been solved by the grant of permission by the Iraqi Government for the base to be established on Lake Habbanyieh, some 50 miles west of Bagdad. Thence the boats fly on to Karachi. After test flights over this section of the route had been satisfactorily completed by the new craft the flying-boats took over the regular service on October 5.

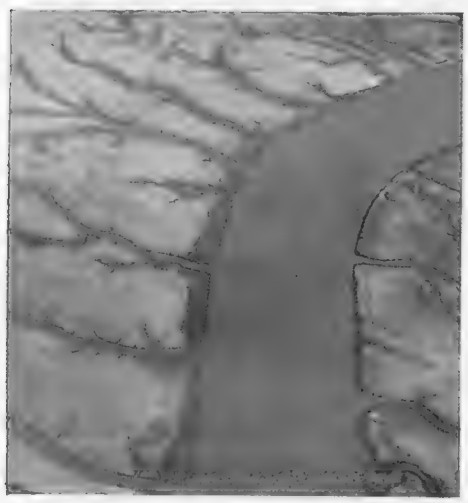
For the long overland crossing of India bases are being established near Udaipur and Gwalior, and at Allahabad and Calcutta. The Udaipur Durbar has consented to the lake at Raj Samand, some 40 miles north-east of Udaipur, being used as a base and the Udaipur Government is preparing the site and providing all the necessary appurtenances of a commercial seaplane base.

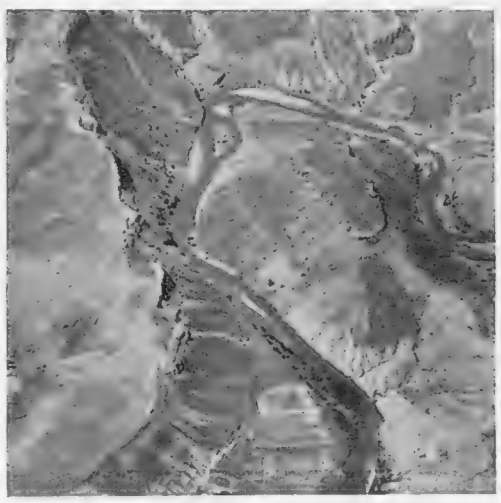
In Gwalior the authorities are permitting the use of the Madho Sagar Lake. Piers will be built for loading passengers, mail, and freight, and there will be quarters for staff, and refreshment and rest-rooms for travellers. At Allahabad the base will be on the River Jumna, and that for Calcutta near the mouth of the River Hooghly. Naturally, the route across India is being equipped with the latest long and short-wave wireless installations and direction-finding equipment as well as air-route beacons.

On the section from Calcutta to Singapore there are seaplane bases at Akyab and Rangoon and other intermediate bases have yet to be chosen. Reclaimed from swamps and mud flats the new airport at Singapore has a large circular landing area for landplanes with terminal buildings and hangars of the most modern type with an adjoining anchorage and slipways for seaplanes and flying-boats. The airport was only opened on June 12, 1937, and with its complete and thoroughly up-to-date equipment is probably the finest airport in the Empire.

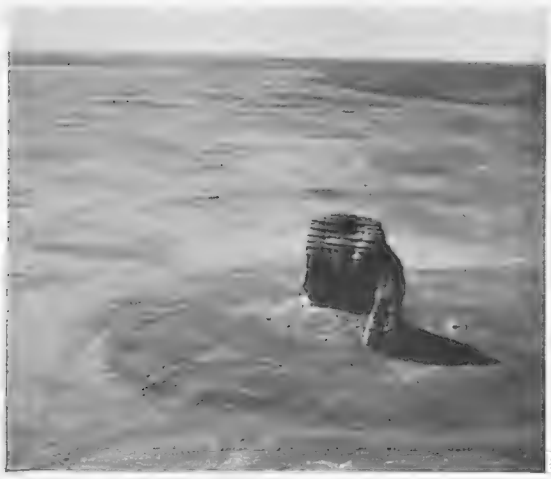
Beyond Singapore the route passes through the Netherlands East Indies and negotiations are in progress between the Australian Government and the Netherland

(Continued on page 150)

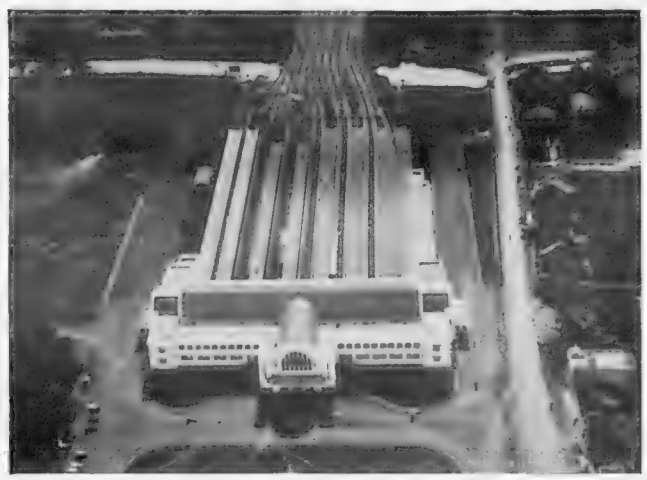




RUGGED LANDSCAPES: Spreading beneath his astonished gaze the air traveller to Australia sees from the comfort of the skies panoramas that would be the envy of travellers of old. *Left*—A river of the Near East and its countless tributaries. *Right*—Mountain scenery in the Dutch East Indies



DESERT SENTINEL: The great ruin of Agar Kuf, near Bagdad—another sight on the Australian route



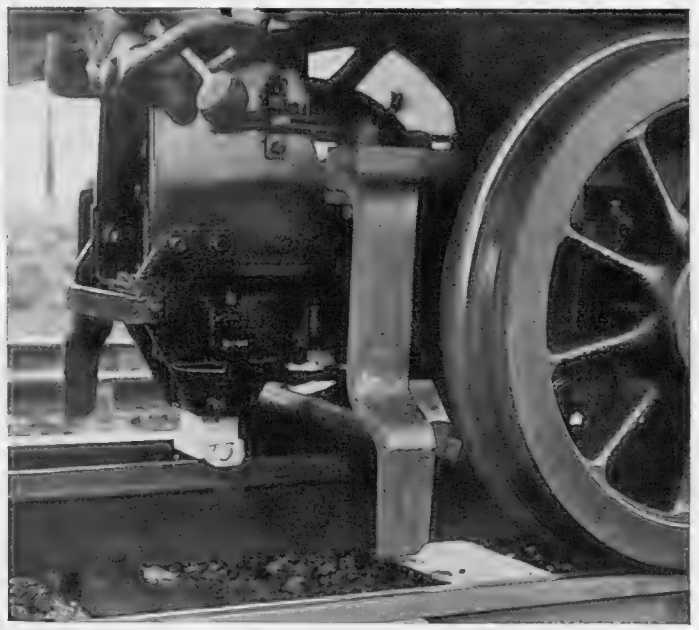
FLYING OVER BATAVIA the air-liner traveller looks down on the station, evidence of modernity in this East Indian colony

Streamliners and Old Timers OF THE IRON ROAD

"SPIRIT OF PROGRESS" is the name of Australia's new streamlined train which is pictured here as she left Spencer St. station, Melbourne, on her first run on the Melbourne—Sydney service. Owing to the fact that the gauge differs in Victoria and New South Wales the train goes no farther than Albury

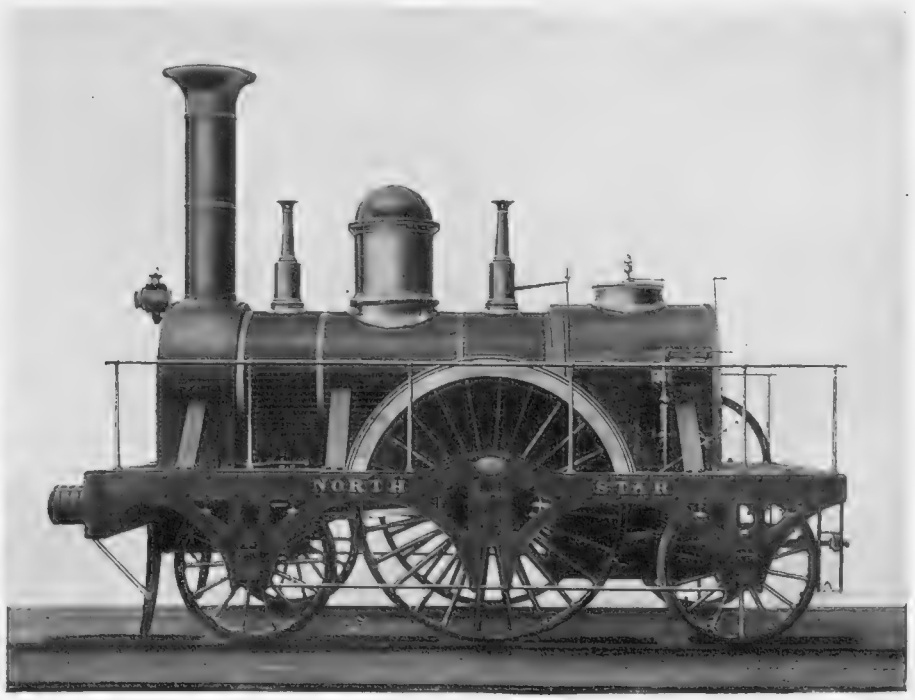
STEAM UP AT DONCASTER: One of the new streamlined Dominion class locomotives being assembled at the L.N.E.R.'s shops where there is considerable activity at the moment, work being in progress or projected on no fewer than 14 of these engines which are to haul the famous *Coronation* express to Scotland and other fast trains

LINKING NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA: The luxurious steam-driven, stainless steel, streamlined express which was put into service last month and is now making two round trips daily between the two cities, covering a total distance of 400 miles. It was built by the Edward G. Budd Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia and, for an American train, it is regarded as a light-weight



A METAL SHOE FITTED BENEATH LOCOMOTIVES is the latest anti-fog device on the G.W.R. system, coming into operation when visual signals cannot be discerned. Near every signal the shoe contacts with a ramp set in the centre of the line, and the electrical impulses set up either ring a bell in the driver's cab to denote right of way or automatically apply the brakes if the "road" is not clear ahead

JUST A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: *Vulcan*, the first engine to run on the Great Western Railway, made its trial run before some of the directors on January 9, 1838, this great event being recalled in a recent issue of the Company's magazine. *Vulcan* was built by an outside contractor, Messrs. Tayleur of Warrington, and was delivered by barge at West Drayton on November 10, 1837, having been shipped from Liverpool by sea to London, a six days' journey, and transported thence by river and canal. *Vulcan*, but for several derailments on the curve leading from the engine shed, behaved very well in public



ANOTHER G.W.R. VETERAN: The famous *North Star* which also made her bow in 1838, exactly a century ago and, strangely enough, was delivered by river at Maidenhead some five months before the line reached the town. The locomotive is still in existence to-day, although in reconstructed form, and may be seen in honourable retirement at Swindon

CRUISING COMMANDMENTS

NO matter where you are going, travel light and travel wisely. The whole point of a sea voyage is to leave behind you all petty worries so do not clutter yourself with unnecessary clothes nor let yourself be burdened with uncongenial companions. Sit back for a day or two and take stock. It is the safest course, and it may save quarrels later, for the bitterest of hatreds and the most impulsive loves are engendered at sea.

Your destination will determine your wardrobe, but here is a list of basic items for almost any cruise. Add witty accessories, use your imagination, never let one thing do less than the work of at least two, and you will not have to worry about anything. Simplicity and comfort are the main considerations, and white or clear colours are generally more effective than pastel tones unless these are vividly accented.

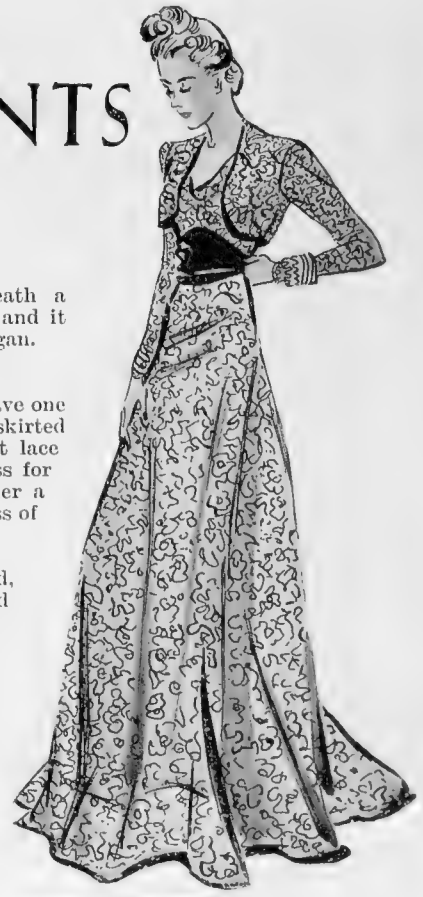
A tailored topcoat; one flannel suit; one shore-going dress and jacket; one silk afternoon dress; three washing frocks; one pair slacks; one pair shorts; three shirts; two swim suits; one play suit; two evening dresses; one evening suit; one evening coat; one felt hat with brim; one large straw hat.

Your top coat should be simply cut in navy or grey cloth or in camel hair. Big pockets are a comfort. A soft jersey turban with long ends forming a scarf is perfect for all sorts of travelling. Your suit should be neatly tailored in tropical worsted, cool, firm and crease-resisting. It will look practical worn with a draped blouse in soft violet blue jersey, and with pastel coloured lawn shirts. (These will also look good with shorts and slacks). Gay with a matching crepe blouse beneath a short bolero and a wide belt in scarlet corded silk, and it will be warm worn with a Cashmere jersey and cardigan.

Boleros are news, so make the most of them. Have one evening dress in very coarse white lace, full skirted over a slender satin slip. Finish it with a short lace bolero, which can be worn over your afternoon dress for special occasions. The same slip can be worn under a black lace tunic or a drifting long sleeved dinner dress of black mousseline banded with velvet.

Better not take too bulky an evening coat. Instead, choose a loose half length coat in sequin embroidered brocade lined with a soft satin. This will be warm, it will not be harmed by salt air, and it will have just enough glitter to make it light up under night skies. Take several three-yard lengths of tulle and wind them round your head and throat.

For the rest, belts and scarves are invaluable providers of variety, flowers can entirely change the character of an evening dress, low heeled shoes are as essential for shore excursions as they are for deck wear, and any sort of fussiness in clothes is entirely out of place.



A dress and jacket in string coloured Engoretta. The dress is trimmed with piped panels like those on the snug fitting coat, and there are inverted pleats in the skirt. It is called Kentucky, is made in many colours, costs 12½ guineas, and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

Nothing could be more charming than the softly blended colours of this evening frock in fine voile, with its bow and neck band of matt velvet. It costs only 70s. in the Debutante Department at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W., and is made in five different combinations of shades

What Other People are Doing

Some Personalities in the Limelight

BRITAIN'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO CHINA: Sir Archibald Clark Kerr seen in London last week before leaving for the East to take up his appointment. He was previously Ambassador to Iraq and now succeeds Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen who, it may be remembered, was badly wounded last year by the Japanese when driving from Nanking to Shanghai, and has lately returned to England

SIR ROBERT AND LADY VANSITTART pictured at Monte Carlo, where they were recently enjoying a short rest prior to Sir Robert's taking up his new duties as Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Government. Sir Robert, who is fifty-six, has given up his position as Permanent Head of the Foreign Office, the Hon. Sir Alexander Cadogan occupying his place, and from now on will have greater freedom to devote his time to questions of broad policy in conjunction with Mr. Eden. He will also represent the Foreign Office at home and abroad when required. In the New Year's Honours List he was made Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath

SWEDEN'S SCOTTISH NOBILITY CLUB: Count Carl Hamilton (*left*), Swedish Minister to Denmark, Count Walter Hamilton (*centre*), head of the Liberal Catholic Church in Sweden, and Major-General Count C. B. Hamilton, (*right*), are among the founder members of this exclusive new Stockholm club which has just received the Royal Patent and has its members only among those Swedes who trace their ancestry back to the Scotsmen who went to Scandinavia in the 1630s to fight under Gustavus Adolphus. James, 1st Duke of Hamilton, commanded the force. Ramsay, Sinclair, and Kennedy are also names on the club's books

MILITANT METHODS have no effect in France, said Madame Louise Weiss, leader of the French suffragettes, when she was interviewed last week on her arrival in London

OFF TO ANKARA: Mr. Howard Robertson, the Scottish architect, who has been selected by the Turkish President to be one of the judges of the plans submitted for building works in the Turkish capital, pictured with his wife as he left London last week

GLORIA GROWS UP: Thirteen-year-old American heiress, Gloria Vanderbilt, for long involved in custody battles between her mother and her aunt, seen at a Christmas dance in New York. The dress she is wearing is a present from her mother

SELF-REVELATIONS of SOMERSET MAUGHAM

"The Summing Up," an Exhilarating Book that Challenges and Satisfies: A Great Writer Sorts Out His Thoughts on the Subjects that Have Interested Him in His Varied Life

SOMERSET MAUGHAM whose semi-autobiographic book, *The Summing Up*, is reviewed by Vernon Fane appreciatively and at length on this page

By VERNON FANE

NO man enjoyed demolishing his contemporaries with a phrase more than George Moore, and he was particularly devastating about Thomas Hardy. I once heard an undergraduate, with fledgling arrogance, tackle Moore about Hardy and ask him why he so plainly disagreed with every living critic of standing, all of whom acknowledged Hardy's genius. "My boy," he replied, "they must have a Grand Old Man."

Readers of *Cakes and Ale* will remember how wittily Mr. Somerset Maugham develops that turn in the career of a prolific novelist. "What the critics wrote about Edward Driffield was eye-wash. His outstanding merit was not the realism that gave vigour to his work, nor the beauty that ingrained it, nor his graphic portraits of sea-faring men, nor his poetic descriptions of salty marshes, of storm and calm and of nestling hamlets; it was his longevity. Reverence for old age is one of the most admirable traits of the human race, and I think it may safely be stated that in no other country than ours is this trait more marked."

The past few years have taken their toll, and in the literary hierarchy to-day the throne is vacant. There are many grand writers alive to-day, but none (except Shaw, whose perennial vigour refuses the dubious purple) is old enough, and not all of them are men.

Yet it is in human nature to look for leaders and to classify achievement in terms of good, better, and best: whether they like it or not, it is the principal function of the contemporary critic. And whether he likes it or not, there has been a recent tendency to elevate Mr. William Somerset Maugham to a position somewhere near the head of the list of living writers.

In spite of the fact that he utters a truth when he says "it is a great misfortune to English letters that we have not had in this century a critic of the class, say, of Sainte-Beuve, Matthew Arnold, or even Brunetière," none would dare to rush him with high honours and with that unreason which he himself has satirised.

In THE SUMMING UP (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) he charges them thus: "In my twenties the critics said I was brutal, in my thirties they said I was flippant, in my forties they said I was cynical, in my fifties they said I was competent, and now in my sixties they say I am superficial."

They may say all these things about this book, except the last, for in that which concerns the writer's own integrity, the development of his mind, the statement of the bases of his art and of the clear-cut definiteness of his philosophy, Mr. Maugham is anything but superficial. In everything in this astonishing book of self-revelation he not only says what he means but means what he says. You may disagree, and you frequently will, but that is no concern of his; whatever else you feel you cannot avoid being exhilarated both at the performance and in the subject it portrays.

Few living writers could have attempted such a book, fewer still could have sustained its exactions. "This is not an autobiography '. . . I am going to try to sort out my thoughts on the subjects that have chiefly interested me during the course of my life. . . . It is about certain subjects that are important to me, and it is about myself because I can only treat of these subjects as they have affected me. But it is not about my doings. I have no desire to lay bare my heart, and I put limits to the intimacy I wish the reader to enter upon with me."

Add to this the phrase, "When I have finished this book I shall know where I stand. I can afford, then, to do what I choose with the years that remain to me," and you have a pretty concise idea of the book's purpose.

I am reminded here that departing is perhaps the most difficult of all social gifts to acquire. I am also reminded that Mr. Maugham has been described in the words of one of our leading dramatic critics as "with the exception of Mr. Shaw, certainly our best living playwright," but that he announced some years ago that he had written his last play.

"I had seen famous authors treated with contumely when they offered a play to managers who had once pestered them with contracts. . . . I had heard Arthur Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, both celebrated in their day, say to me identically the same words, one with a grim, sardonic humour, the other with a puzzled exasperation. The words were: 'They don't want me any more.' I thought I would go while the going was good."

In case the reader should think that in this book Mr. Maugham should be making so swift and final a bow to literature he may reflect that the departure from the theatre provoked this thought. "I sighed for the liberty of fiction, and I thought with pleasure of the lonely reader who was willing to listen to all I had to say and with whom I could effect an intimacy that I could never hope for in the garish publicity of the theatre." Though the footlights may not lure him back we may well hope that the liberty of fiction may engage the years to follow.

Such personalia as creep in reveal a sensitive youth with a bi-lingual education embarking upon a career in the medical profession. "Here I was in contact with what I most wanted—life in the raw. In those three years I must have witnessed pretty well every emotion of which man is capable. It appealed to my dramatic instinct. It excited the novelist in me . . . . I saw how men died. I saw how they bore pain. I saw what hope looked like, fear, and relief; I saw the dark lines that despair drew on a face; I saw courage and steadfastness." He saw also the years and years of study and hard work necessary to become able to write like that.

"Writing is a whole time job. To write must be the main object of the author's life. He is lucky if he has sufficient fortune to make him independent of his earnings, but that does not prevent him from being a professional writer." He was determined not only to live but to live comfortably on his writings. "I was not born in squalid circumstances. As soon as I could afford it I bought a house in Mayfair. . . . There are people who despise possessions. . . . . but it is not a view that artists themselves have held. They have never lived from choice in the garrets in which their admirers like to see them. They have much more often ruined themselves by extravagance with which they have conducted themselves. . . . . It is unnatural for the artist to live in a semi-detached villa and eat cottage pie cooked by a maid of all work. It shows, not disinterestedness but an arid, petty soul."

A cursory study of these pages ought to convince anybody that the most dangerous thing in the writing business is a little talent. One has only briefly to survey the 17,000 books published during 1937 to realise the truth of these words.

"Writing seems now a favourite relaxation of the human race. Whole families will take to it as in happier times they entered religious houses. Women will write novels to while away their pregnancies; bored noblemen, axed officers, retired civil servants fly to the pen as one might fly to the bottle. There is an impression abroad that everyone has it in him to write one good book, but if by this is implied a good book the impression is false."

And here is a word to those whose talent is in the bud, for golden youths and girls in their teens for whom expression is easy and expressiveness is everything. "To write prose and verse, to hammer out little tunes on the piano, and to draw and paint are instinctive with a great many young persons. It is a form of play, due merely to the exuberance of their years, and is no more significant than a child's building of a castle on the sands . . . one of the tragedies of the arts is the spectacle of the vast number of persons who have been misled by this passing fertility to devote their lives to the effort of creation. Their invention deserts them as they grow older and they are faced with the long years before them in which they harass their weary brain to beat out material it is incapable of giving them."

All of which I declare to be good, sound sense, and let us not forget that the large majority of us can stand just so much of the truth and no more. That little more, that extra bit which makes us sit up, is apt to be called cynicism. Somerset Maugham has always written truthfully of what he has seen, and one of his greatest gifts is that of keen observation. It is not surprising then, that "I have been called cynical, I have been accused of making men out worse than they are. I do not think I have done this. All I have done is to bring into prominence certain traits that many writers shut their eyes to."

It is true that he has been called cynical and for the very reason that he has observed the unpleasant as exactly as he has set down other characteristics in human nature. Yet in this he is distinct, and stands apart from what may be called the "realistic" school of novelists, in which the spade is a sanguinary shovel, and words not in polite usage, as well as certain human activities seldom politely commented upon are brought in to add effect.

Lest I have given the impression that *The Summing Up* is an affair of writing and writers only, I must hastily use my dwindling space to state that its philosophical conclusions will bear comfort to many as well as excitement and argument to a few. I remember a piece in *Cakes and Ale* in which it is stated "beauty is that which satisfies the aesthetic instinct. But who wants to be satisfied? It is only to the dullard that enough is as good as a feast. Let us face it: beauty is a bit of a bore."

In this book we find the attitude confirmed. "When I considered the beautiful things I found that there was nothing for me to do but to gaze and admire. The emotion they gave me was exquisite, but I could not preserve it, nor could I indefinitely repeat it; the most beautiful things in the world finished by boring me. . . . It seemed to me that beauty was like the summit of a mountain peak; when you had reached it there was nothing to do but to come down again. Perfection is a trifle dull. It is not the least of life's ironies that this is better not quite achieved."

The sum total of it all is that Mr. Maugham finds that beauty is not truth nor truth beauty, and that neither quality is worthy of the reverence which he feels for that which he calls goodness and sums up as loving-kindness. He professes to be ashamed to have reached so commonplace a conclusion—but is it so commonplace? "Loving-kindness is not coloured with that transitoriness which is the irremediable defect of love . . . in loving-kindness the sexual instinct is sublimated, but it lends the emotion something of its own vitalising energy. Loving-kindness is the better part of goodness."

HUGH WALPOLE

ALDOUS HUXLEY

JAMES JOYCE

These three literary figures, each with his own individual niche in the world of books, are portrayed by Sava Botzaris, the Yugoslavian sculptor, in the "one man" exhibition which he is staging at the Leicester Galleries and which will doubtless be attracting considerable attention when it is opened at the end of this month. M. Botzaris was born in Belgrade and is a member of the Yugoslav colony in London. He is a great-grandson of Marco Botzaris, hero of Missolonghi, and during the war was interpreter in five Allied armies.

This England . . .

Ashridge Park—Herts.

HE who plants an avenue of trees cannot, in the nature of things, hope to enjoy them in their grandeur — he plants them for England. Much that we have, and prize, to-day comes of that attitude in our fathers. They did not make or build "to last their time," but rather that something worthy should mark their passage; their good live after them. We, too, must keep this tradition of the thing well made, that our children's children may be beholden to us. Even in simple matters it can be done; are we not beholden to some centuries of careful, craft-proud men that such a daily need as Worthington is so superbly filled?

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

KING OF THE CAMARGUE (Continued from page 126)

their zenith when "Mireille" conquered Paris and when the painter Lelée was making Arles known far and wide with his pictures of the Lices, the town's promenade, replete with costumed Arlesiennes. To-day's standard-bearers are the Marquis, his son-in-law, M. d'Arband, and M. Audouard who presides over the Provençal book-shop in Arles.

The Marquis maintains a herd of over 200 bulls but finds time to devise new games and recreation for the young men and women on his estate, who in winter time can be more or less separated for long periods from contact with neighbouring centres. Baroncelli, by all accounts a convivial soul, has his own apéritif, the anisette du Gardian, which he sips in the company of his cowboys of an evening. A grand piano is also much to the fore in winter, for this is the time the Gardians and their girls practise dances and songs for the ensuing year's fêtes. A recent Baroncelli inspiration is "The Dance of the Roses."

A great day is that of the *ferrado* or branding of the bulls, on which occasion the Marquis, in scarlet shirt, emerges as a veritable French incarnation of the late "Don Roberto."

The Camargue's race of bulls is mostly dedicated to the ring, but under very different conditions from those of the Spanish bullfight. Locals are insistent that sympathies are all with the bull, which is never killed, merely goaded into intensive action by *cocardes* being implanted between the horns. The game is for young men—amateurs more than professionals—safely to pluck away these *cocardes*, some of which bring higher prize money than others, according to the calibre of the bull. From May to October all the Arles country throngs to, and bets on, *la tauromachie*, much as we go daft over cup ties; when the excitement and the grace, often the comedy, that may emanate, surprise the tyro.

I fear that in my time I have been impelled to walk out of five Spanish bullfights because of the blindfold horses. No such thing need occur round Arles. Of course the bull doesn't enjoy being stampeded and stung in the neck. But he escapes the slaughter-house and lives to a ripe age, for bulls, amid no small contentment.

The great festival of the year for Baroncelli and his Gardians falls in late May, when the gipsies rally at Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, and a relic is blessed a little way in the sea, while the Marquis and his merry men wade their horses into a circle round the Archbishop's boat. After which, it is heigh-ho for the rest of the day and night, farandoles, *tauromachie*, and trick riding, rounded by violent feasting as only gipsies can.

Yet it is, perhaps, a second and more comatose town which chiefly calls to the Camargue in its actual state of decline into a zoological and botanical reserve. It is Aigues-Mortes, one of the places Lawrence loved to ponder over, during his youthful cycle tours of France of the Middle Ages, when the budding genius would fight again the tactics and strategy of those times. This great walled city by the sea, whence twice St. Louis sailed to the Crusades, was never attacked, being deemed invulnerable, and that accounts for its unique state of preservation. No later building up as at Carcassonne.

Even as Saint Louis surveyed his sailing fleet from the Tour Constance that he built, so to-day you can mount this same tower and get the best general view of the Camargue.

Silent, lost, depopulated walled city of the distant past, Aigues-Mortes looks none the less as if it will survive until the sea gets at it—as it will later get relentlessly most of the whole Camargue.

CONTINUATIONS

JAPAN IN NORTH CHINA (Continued from page 130)

Chefoo is another important port on the north coast of the province, and which is also likely to attract the attentions of the Japanese. Made a treaty port in 1858, it developed into the leading port in North China, having shipping routes to Tientsin, Port Arthur, Dairen, Newchwang, Corea, and Japan, to the north and east, while regular services ran south to Shanghai and other ports south of that. It was also a favourite holiday resort for Europeans from all parts of the China coast right down to Hong Kong, till in recent years Tsingtau and Wei-hai-wei took their share of the traffic.

With both an inner and an outer harbour, about 5 miles across, though not so well sheltered as either Wei-hai-wei or Tsingtau, there is plenty of room for the largest ships afloat. The chief, or at any rate the best-known industry of the district is the famous "Shantung" silk, most of which passes through Chefoo.

If only poor China had a decent navy at all comparable with that of Japan, the possession of these three fine harbours on the Shantung coast, and the rising little port of Hai-chow—only 130 miles south of Tsingtau—which is believed by some eventually to become one of the greatest ports in China, as the eastern sea terminus of the overland Lunghai railway route to Europe, and is on the coastal air service, would give China a very strong strategic position. From resembling the teapot spout, the Shantung promontory would become a pistol pointed straight at not only Japan's recent acquisitions in North China, Corea, and Manchuria, but at Japan itself. No wonder that Japan has eyes on Shantung as one of her northern provinces.

Edwin H. Judd

BY FLYING-BOAT TO AUSTRALIA

(Continued from page 144)

East Indies Government for a number of seaplane bases along this part of the route.

From Timor, the last of the islands in the Netherlands East Indies, the route crosses more than 500 miles of the Timor Sea, to which the daily Press consistently applies the adjectival cliché "shark-infested," to Port Darwin.

From Darwin the boats will fly along a route surveyed as long ago as May, 1936, by an R.A.F. flying-boat which carried Major Brackley, Air Superintendent of Imperial Airways and Mr. Hudson Fysh, Managing Director of the Australian air transport company Qantas Empire Airways. They will fly across Arnhem Land to Groote Island in the Gulf of Carpentaria and across the Gulf to Karumba at the mouth of the Norman River. Thence on for more than 400 miles across the base of the York peninsula to Townsville or Bowen and so down the East Coast to Brisbane and so to Sydney.

The original intention was that the flying-boats should take over the route this month. But various obstacles have cropped up including delays in the negotiations between the Australian and British Governments regarding the siting and construction of the seaplane bases and so at the moment it seems unlikely that everything will be ready for the flying-boats to take over the new route before June.

However, work is now actively proceeding and *Centaurus*, one of the Empire boats left England for Australia and New Zealand on a survey flight on December 3, reaching Dunedin on January 4.

Once the flying-boat service is working as far as Sydney, the next step will be the extension of the route across the Tasman Sea to New Zealand. Thence a British trans-Pacific route to Canada will be developed and the Empire air girdle round the globe will be completed.

C. D. Palmer

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

January 21 marks the forty-sixth Anniversary of the passing of Mr. William Williams, Founder of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship. In the Society's new history book, *Where Dreams Come True*, it says: "Mr. Williams' earth work was going into the shadows where weeping, parting, and want abounded, and lifting lives into the glorious sunshine of God's love." This tradition is still carried on by the Society, and 34,169 children's lives have been "lifted" so different from what their lot would have been if left to the condition from which they came. It costs 2s. 7d. a minute to keep these Homes going. Please send a gift if you can to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

"She's got plenty of reserve—on 'BP' Ethyl!"

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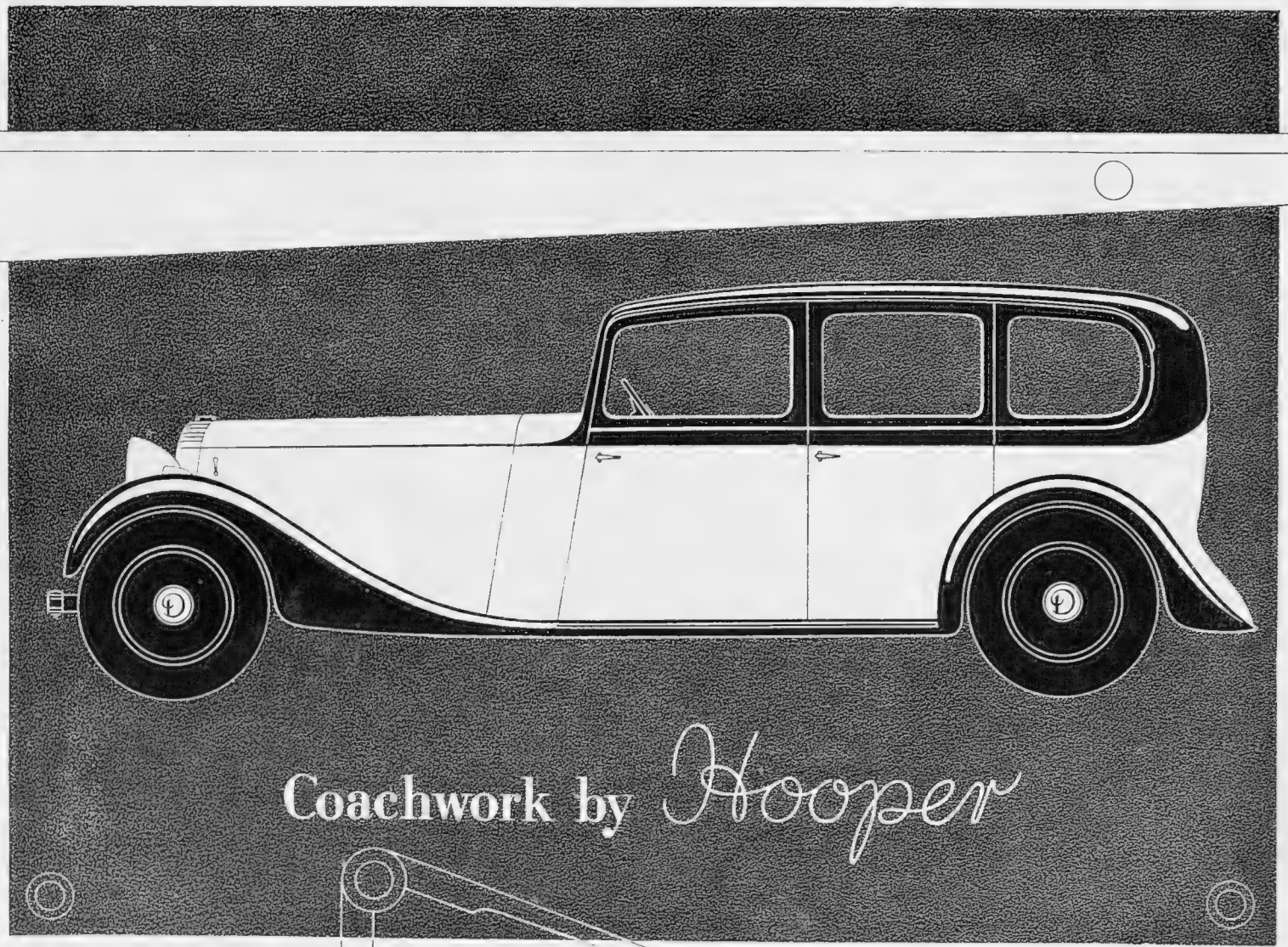
FASTEST for cars



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MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1938

SOCIAL EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—Cabaret every evening; Special Gala Dinner on Wednesdays.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis)—INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28—March 6*; Easter Tournament, *April 18–24*. Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 12*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 19*; Walter de Frece Challenge Cup, *March 5*; "Bystander" Mixed Foursomes, *March 17*. MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 29*. Sailing Regattas, *March 31—April 3*. Outboard Meeting, *April 21-24*. Ski-ing—French Championships at Valberg, Beuil and Auron, *February 11–18*. Annual Dog Show, *March 30–31*.

MUSIC: Concerts—Liszt Festival with EMILE SAÜER, *February 2*; Classical Concert with Ida Haendel, *February 4*; Grand Concert conducted by Sidney Beer, *February 9*; Gala with dancing by Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff, *February 11*; Classical Concert with Umberto Benedetti, *February 23*. Opera—"Tristan and Isolde," *January 29*; Creation "Andersen's Tales" (Grieg Music), *February 27*.

THEATRE: Comédie Française–official performances *during February*; Ballet Season, *April 2-28* (with two entirely new Massine Ballets).

There are no better Hotels in the world than the HOTEL DE PARIS and the HOTEL HERMITAGE at Monte Carlo—and their prices are not at all exorbitant. There are other good Hotels there—both large and small—full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

THE FLOATING HOTEL: The Orient liner, *Orion*, anchored off Venice—a picture that symbolises the extreme comfort of cruising, enabling the traveller to reach the romantic places of the world without having to face those problems that can make journeying so fatiguing

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU : SPECIAL CRUISING SECTION

CRUISING TO MEET SUMMER

Winter Holiday-makers Go South to the Sunshine

WE have seen enough of the sun climbing just a little higher into the southern sky every day to make us realise that we are round the gloomy corner known as the "turn of the year." Under its influence an English winter seems to have some very pleasant moments and we do not forget the many resorts of these islands which set up statistically supported claims to degrees of warmth and hours of sunshine rivalling those of places overseas. Admitting all that, there remains an ever increasing urge to go out and greet the oncoming spring or to go all the way to meet summer and come back to the old country in its company. Not everybody has the resources of time and money to get a summer and a half out of any or every year and for many only a brief expedition into sunlit seas is possible.

Let us imagine that time and the other troublesome factor do not exist and that the whole world of travel lies before us, what would you choose? Some, probably the young and very energetic, would shout for the snow-clad peaks and the glistening snow fields and slopes, others would ask for the soothing warmth of palm clad lands but, I think the great majority would say "A voyage round the world." How often we hear the reflection that the world is a small place. but come to think of it, just as often it is asserted that it is a big one. In the matter of travel it is indeed a big one and the reference to a "trip round the world" is really very vague; it is little more than a picturesque way of saying, "I want to get about and see people and places."

There are voyages round the world in progress at the moment or due to start in the near future. The *Franconia* which set out from Southampton at Christmas and New York early in the new year is now in South American waters and it will be nearly the middle of June before she is back having sailed in most of the seven seas and touched at many ports in the five continents. Her company of travellers and, of course, those who go by the *Empress of Britain* (from Monaco on the 22nd of this month), and the *Reliance* from Villefranche two days later will have been round the world; their memories will be crowded with scenes and incidents but they will have learned that there is so much more yet to see.

I have just sprung on a group of friends "Where would you go?" "Egypt" said one, "I want to see the old world." Australia and the United States were the choice of the next two and the fourth desired Canada followed by India; no two the same. They, of course, paid no regard to seasons, and spoke merely of the places they want to see. Not one of them thought of South Africa and I could have put before them a very inviting picture of that part of the world at this time of year. At the end of next week the *Atlantis* sets out on a cruise round Africa which will occupy just over eight weeks. Going outward thro' the Mediterranean she will touch at such interesting places as Seychelles, Madagascar, and Mauritius off the eastern coast, and St. Helena on the other side. Napoleon's island does not seem quite so remote in these days of cruising liners, though they do not stop there very long. Of course everybody goes to see the first tomb of the Little Emperor and the other sights of the island, which include the picturesque Heart Shaped Waterfall.

WHERE THE ZAMBESI ROARS INTO THE ABYSS: A new picture from the Victoria Falls, on the border of Southern and Northern Rhodesia. A good way to reach the falls is via Beira, Portuguese East Africa

There is plenty of warm sunshine in store for those booked for that cruise, but with all its interest it can touch literally only the fringe of the Dark Continent. I would like to approach the Cape, for instance, through Beira and see the mysterious ruins of Zimababwe, the Victoria Falls, the Matapos with the shrine of Rhodes; then on to the mine fields perhaps to go into some mines, and, as a "good scout," Mafeking, which our romantic souls will ever keep out of the dust of history because of its "human interest." All this is in the fascinating atmosphere of another race; I should want to see something of life as interpreted by Basuto, Matabele, Mashona, and to the south east, Zulu—names which meant more in the turbulent times before internal peace came to that inviting land.

Those who made such prompt replies to my question had given no thought to the southern part of the continent on the other side of the Atlantic. It is more in evidence these days and one of its outstanding attractions is the Amazon voyage. There seems something almost grotesque about a 10,000-ton steamer steadily ploughing its way 1,000 miles up the world's mightiest river, bordered at times by forest, dense and unexplored. No voyage could take you closer to nature. Creatures, small and large, in brilliant colours and drab, friendly and ferocious, are near at hand while you pass by seated in a deck chair, comfortable, warm and safe. Manaos is the destination and during the days the ship is there you can see the surrounding country at close quarters.

In the heart of the neighbouring forest are the Taruma Falls, approached as near as possible by steamer with stern paddle and then by small boats which are paddled when the river is high, through flooded forest to the falls. Another expedition is to lagoons where the great pink bloomed water-lily Victoria regia has its home. The Indian villages, too, are fascinating. Though you are in the tropics the temperature in the Amazon valley is never much above what we get heresometimes during a heat wave. On the other hand it never falls a great deal and no one in normal health need have any qualms about going there.

This is an ideal time of year for the West Indies and the Spanish Main. There are several of our familiar cruising liners over there at present and others leave between now and the middle of February. They usually make a call outward at Madeira or the Canaries and on the other side most of them include Miami, the beautiful modern resort of sunny Florida, with miles of beaches and endless amusement.

THERE THE CONQUEROR LANGUISHED: The little town of Jamestown, St. Helena, and its suburb on Ladder Hill, seen from the deck of a cruising liner. The *Atlantis* will soon be paying a visit there on its round Africa trip

Nearer home there are the limitless possibilities of the Mediterranean and it is there and in the waters of the islands off the West Coast of Africa that most of the early spring cruising will be done. At the ports, certainly as far east as Venice, sea travellers mingle with those who prefer to go by land; and in some parts not far from the sea they link with those energetic souls who find pleasure in the snow.

All, whether of the sea, shore, or snow, find happiness in the glorious sunshine, which is symbolical too of the welcome the countries give their visitors. Nowhere is this more pronounced than in Italy. In this direction the National State Tourist Department, generally referred to as E.N.I.T., is doing an excellent work. It issues some of the most artistic travel literature of the time and it is making widely known, not only what the cities and the country have to offer of historical interest and natural beauty, but the arrangements made for artistic events, so that in planning holidays visitors may take full advantage of these occasions.

Finally, just a few words about another jewel of the Middle Sea, Monte Carlo, and an aspect of it which will surprise many. Did you know that there is a Monte Carlo Ski Club? The Riviera is shedding some of its shyness about the ski. As for what Monte Carlo itself has to offer in music, stage, sport, and in its own special ways is well known, and its natural charms are everlasting.

Beverley Brooke

On right—
CRUISING ON AFRICA'S NORTH-WEST COAST, ideal at this time of year, brings the traveller into contact with the most entertainingly persistent traders, as witness this picture taken at Casablanca. Their initial price is seldom less than three times what they hope to get

Pre-View of SPRING

Already daffodils and narcissi are swaying in the gentle sea breezes of the **Italian Riviera** and the **Bay of Naples.** In **Sicily,** oranges and lemons are ripening beneath the genial influence of the hot Mediterranean sun and by mid-February the valleys will be pink with almond blossom.

In less than 24 hours you can be south of the Alps—safely screened from cold northerly winds.

With TOURIST LIRE the £ is worth *at least* 50 % more in Italy and the railway fare (at 50 %–70 % reduction in Italy) is offset by economy in the cost of living. Motorists benefit by reductions in the price of petrol.

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For information and descriptive booklets apply to:
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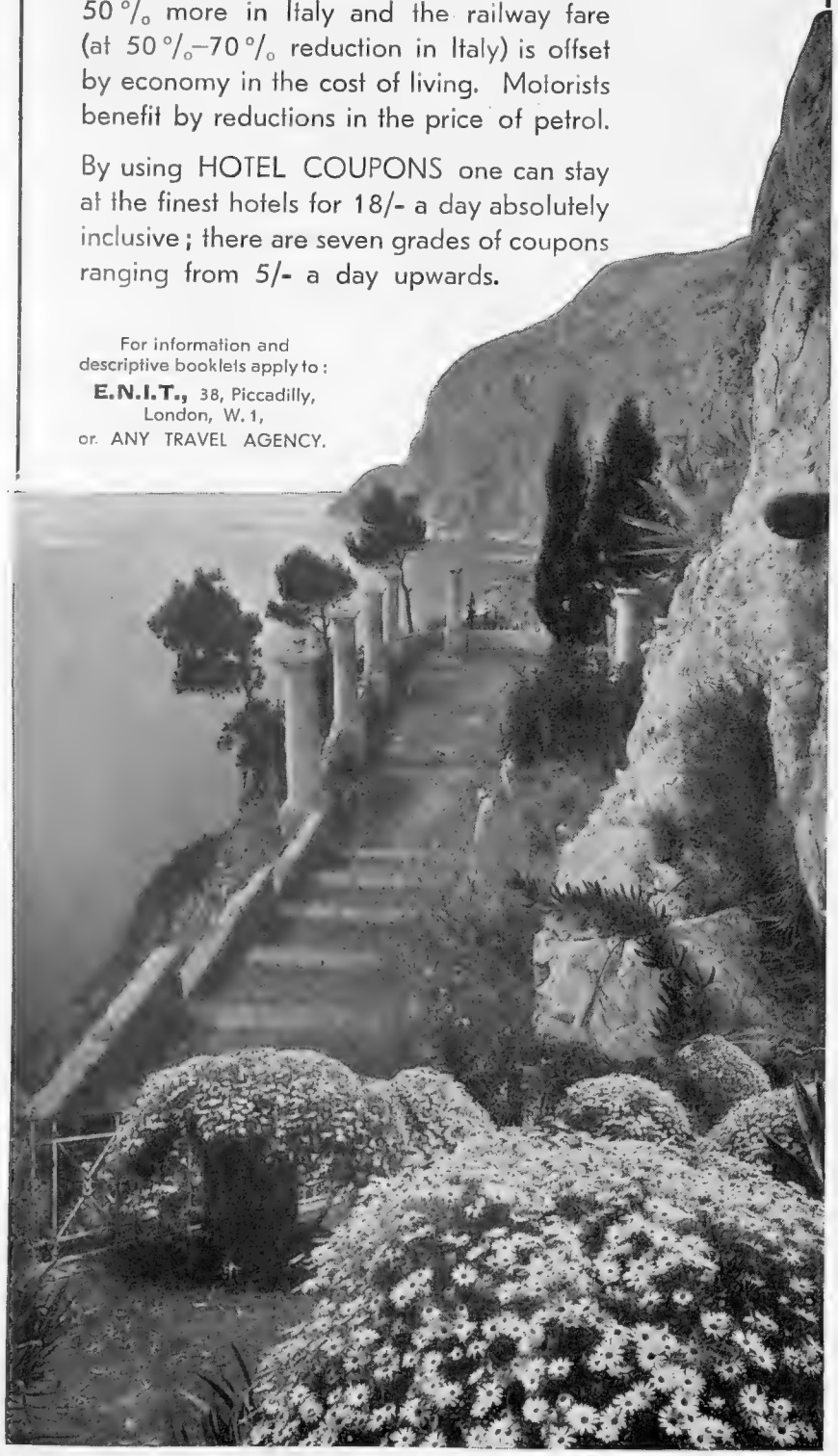
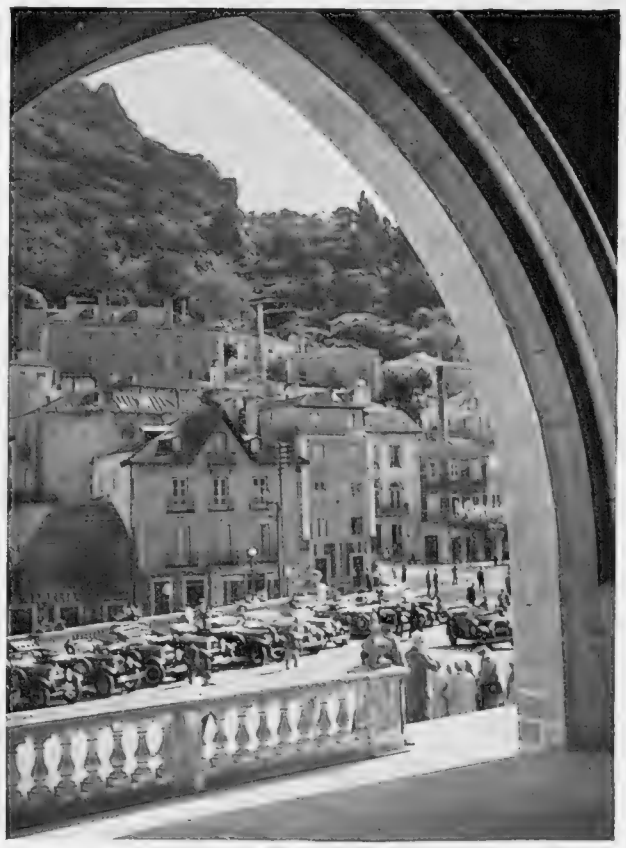


WHERE THE CRU

Some Coming Many Ports

Below is a summary of the cruises announced for the spring. Most of the Companies have issued or are preparing programmes for the summer as well. The fares quoted are the minimum rates.



A POPULAR PORT OF CALL: A scene in sunny Lisbon, first stop of many cruising liners on their way southward

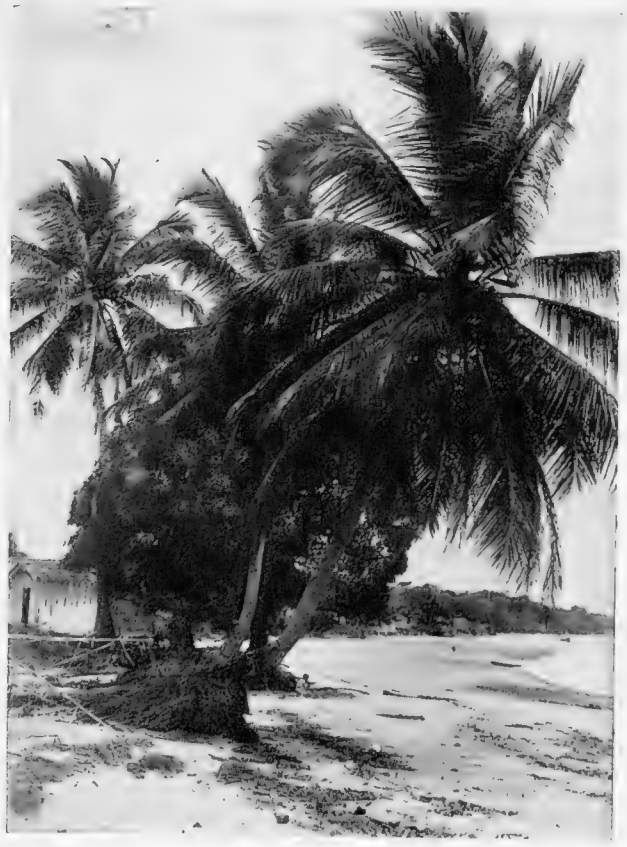
West Indies and Florida.—*Vandyck* (Lamport and Holt) from Southampton on February 5 for Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, St. Lucia, Santo Domingo, Kingston, Havana, Miami, Bermuda, and Ponta Delgada, 46 days: 80 guineas. *Duchess of Atholl* (C.P.R.), from Liverpool, February 17, to St. Lucia, La Brea, Port of Spain, Kingston, Havana, Miami, Las Palmas, 32 days: 55 guineas.

The Amazon.—Steamers of the Booth Line leave Liverpool February 8, *Hilary*, February 26, *Clement*, and March 15, *Anselm*, and subsequently they call at Leixoes (Oporto), Lisbon, Madeira, Para (Brazil), and go 1,000 miles up the Amazon to Manaos. The voyage occupies about seven weeks and the fares by the *Hilary* and *Anselm* are from £7. The *Clement* is a new cargo steamer with excellent accommodation for twelve passengers. The fares for the round voyage are from £60, which considering all that is offered may be said to be reasonable in the extreme.

Madeira and the West Coast.—*Duchess of Richmond* (C.P.R.) from Southampton on March 15, for Madeira, Dakar, Takoradi, Victoria, Freetown, Casablanca and Lisbon, 28 days: 48 guineas. Also on April 14, for Madeira, Casablanca, Lisbon and Liverpool, 11 days: 19 guineas. *Duchess of Atholl* (C.P.R.) from Southampton on March 23, for Madeira, Freetown, Dakar, Casablanca, Lisbon and Liverpool, 20 days: 34 guineas. *Stuttgart* (Hamburg American) from Southampton, April 8, for Lisbon, Madeira and Casablanca, 11 days: £16. Also on April 25, from Southampton, 13 days: £18.

The Union-Castle Line announce weekly sailings from Southampton to Madeira from May 6 to August 12, from £10 tourist to £20 first class, return, according to steamer. These holiday tour tickets are available for return within two months.

Canary Islands.—*Voltaire* (Lamport and Holt) leaves Southampton on April 14 for Casablanca, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira, and Lisbon, 18 days: 25 guineas. *Almanzora* (Royal Mail) from Southampton, February 4, to Casablanca, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Dakar, Freetown, Gambia, Las Palmas and Madeira, 22 days: 38 guineas. *Atlantis* (Royal Mail) from Southampton, March 26, to Las Palmas, Freetown, Takoradi, Teneriffe, Madeira, 26 days: 45 guineas. The Union-Castle Line has fortnightly sailings from London for Las Palmas or Teneriffe from May 6 to August 12 for £15 first class, £10 tourist, available for return within two months. (See also Royal Mail line cruises under Madeira.)



LUXURIANT SOUTH AMERICA: A beach scene near Para, Brazil, one of many fascinating stopping places on the Booth Line cruises to the Amazon (*see note above*)

Mediterranean.—*Orient* (Orient Line) from London, April 14, to Philippeville, Alexandria, Beirut, Famagusta, Santorin, Athens, Tangier, 22 days: 42 guineas. Also on May 7, to Istanbul, Rhodes and other ports, 20 days: 38 guineas. *Orcades* (Orient) from London, May 14, to Venice and other Adriatic ports, 21 days: 40 guineas. *Vandyck*

SING LINERS GO

Sailings to and Climes

GIANT SUN-HATS, RICHLY EMBROIDERED LINEN, AND PARTI-COLOURED SHOPPING-BAGS are included in the stock in charge of this little girl at Funchal, Madeira

(Lamport and Holt) from Liverpool, April 14, to Gibraltar, Villefranché, Naples, Capri and Lisbon, 19 days: 26 guineas. *Atlantis* (Royal Mail) from Southampton, April 23, to Venice and the Adriatic, 23 days: 39 guineas. Also on May 20, to Riviera ports, Naples, and Sicily, 18 days: 31 guineas. *Arandora Star* (Blue Star) from Southampton, March 18, to Malta, Alexandria, Port Said, Jaffa, Beirut, Rhodes, Athens, Philippeville, and Lisbon, 31 days: 53 guineas. Also on April 14, to Algiers, the Adriatic, Corfu, and Villefranche, 23 days: 43 guineas. *Laconia* (Cunard White Star) from Southampton, March 19, to Lisbon, Malta, Kotor, Dubrovnik, Athens, Naples, Villefranche, and Gibraltar, 31 days: 53 guineas. *Rajputana* (P. and O.) from London, April 1, to Alexandria, Port Said, Jaffa, Haifa, Beirut, and Naples, 24 days: 40 guineas. *Orford* (Orient) will carry first and tourist class on 13-day Mediterranean cruises in July and August.

Sun Tan Cruises.—The C.P.R. announce twenty Sun Tan cruises between May 28 and October 8 by the *Montcalm*, *Montclaire*, and *Montrose* at fares from £1 per day. The itineraries are varied and include Madeira, the Canaries, Portugal, West Africa, the Baltic, and the Mediterranean ports.

New Vessels.—Two new P. and O. liners, *Stratheden* and *Strathallan*, will join the *Strathmore* and *Strathaird* in a cruising season from May 7 to the end of August. The cruises are from thirteen to twenty-two days and with the exception of a visit to Scandinavia by the *Strathallan* leaving on July 30 the cruises will be in the Mediterranean. They offer a wide range of ports of call from the Riviera to the Dardanelles and first and tourist classes will be carried.

Three first-class cruises will be made by the same Company's *Viceroy of India* to the northern capitals and the fjords in June and July.

Short Continental Voyages.—Blue Funnel Line steamers of 11,000 tons continuing their normal voyages from the Far East will leave London monthly from March 23 to October 8 for Rotterdam where two days will give passengers time to visit The Hague, Scheveningen, Delft, Amsterdam and other places. The return will be to Glasgow through the Western Isles. There are no hotel expenses and the fare for the cruise

THE WHITE ROOFS OF CASABLANCA: The modern Moroccan seaport included in the cruising itineraries of Cunard White Star and other companies

is 7 guineas in March, April, May and October; 8 guineas in the other months. First class only.

Union-Castle Line steamers go to Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Hamburg from London. Round voyage occupies eleven or twelve days and costs 12 guineas first class. First sailing, April 21.

To Cairo.—Inclusive rates of £42 are announced by the Blue Funnel Line for trips to Cairo in June, July, and August. They give four nights in Egypt and the round trip occupies about twenty-five days.

Independent Travel.—The travel outlined in the foregoing article may be undertaken independently. Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd., make a feature of this class

(*Continued on page* 156)

CROSS-ROADS OF THE NEAR-EAST: A scene in Damascus, which can be reached from Beirut visited by Orient liners, one of which leaves London on April 14

VOLTAIRE AND VANDYCK

First Class only *Window or porthole in every room*

WEST INDIES CRUISE

FEB. 5. "Vandyck" from Southampton to Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, St. Lucia, Ciudad Trujillo (Santo Domingo), Kingston (Jamaica), Havana (Cuba), Miami, Bermuda, Ponta Delgada. **46 days from 80 gns.**

EASTER CRUISES

APRIL 14. "Voltaire" from Southampton to Canary Islands, calling at Casablanca, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira and Lisbon. **18 days from 25 gns.**

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Where the Cruising Liners Go

(Continued from page 155)

Drawn by Percy Home

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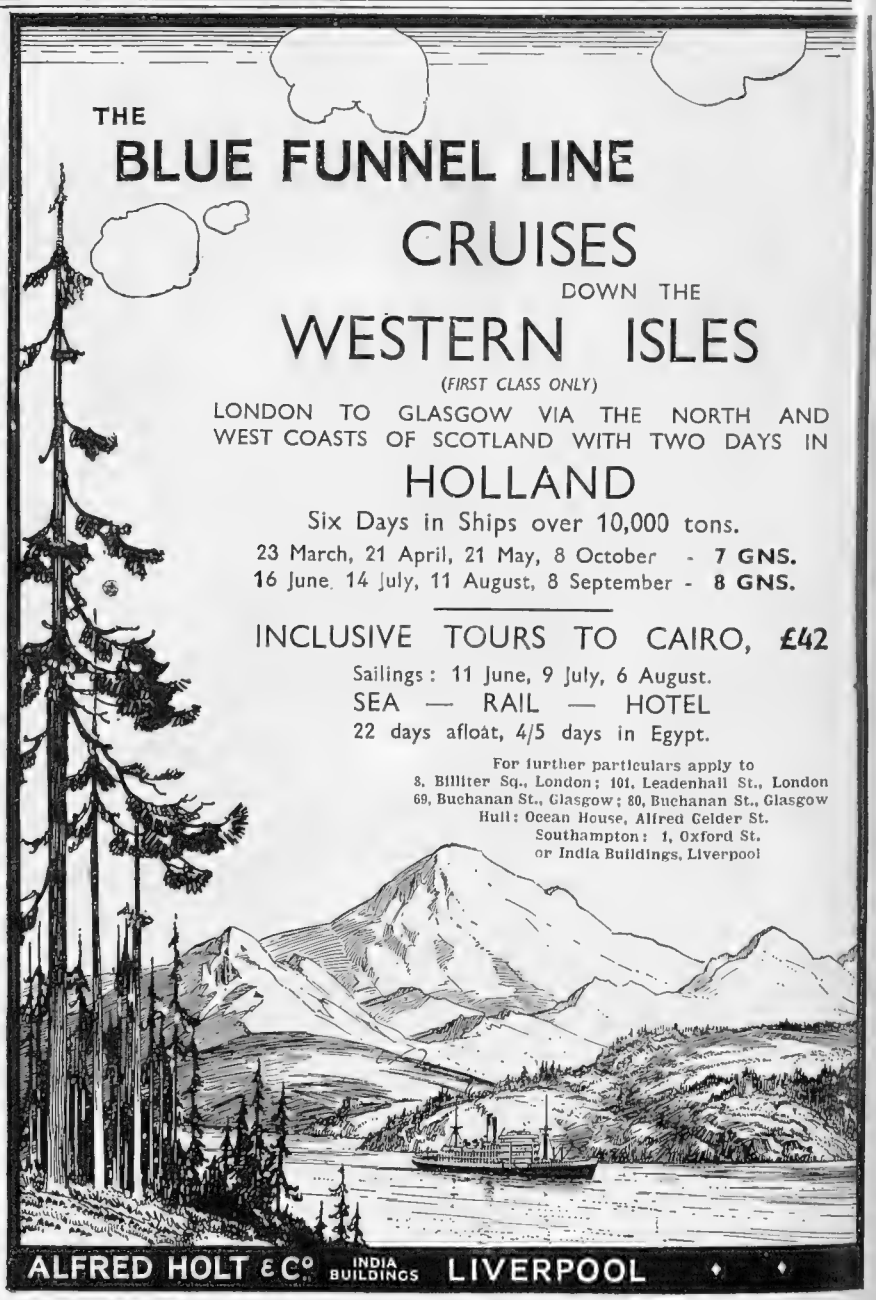
For an African Journey.—The Union - Castle Company once again draw our attention to their *South and East African Year Book and Guide*, the forty-fourth annual edition of which has just made its appearance, being brought up to date with some 5,000 amendments to the matter and figures published in 1937. It is really an astonishing volume, packed with information on every phase of African life, and yet may be had for the modest sum of 2s. 6d. This compact book, with its 1,163 pages of text, its sixty or more pages of maps, and its index containing 4,000 place names, can be confidently recommended to the business-man, the settler, the tourist, the naturalist, the teacher, and the student. The work is a model of accuracy and strongly bound, so that it will stand up to any amount of hard usage during travelling. G. Gordon Brown is the editor.

THE SPLENDOURS OF "FARTHER INDIA": Siam, with its great temples, is rich in architecture of the most astonishing splendour but still remains comparatively unknown to the travelling public. Messrs. Thomas Cook have special itineraries for independent travel there



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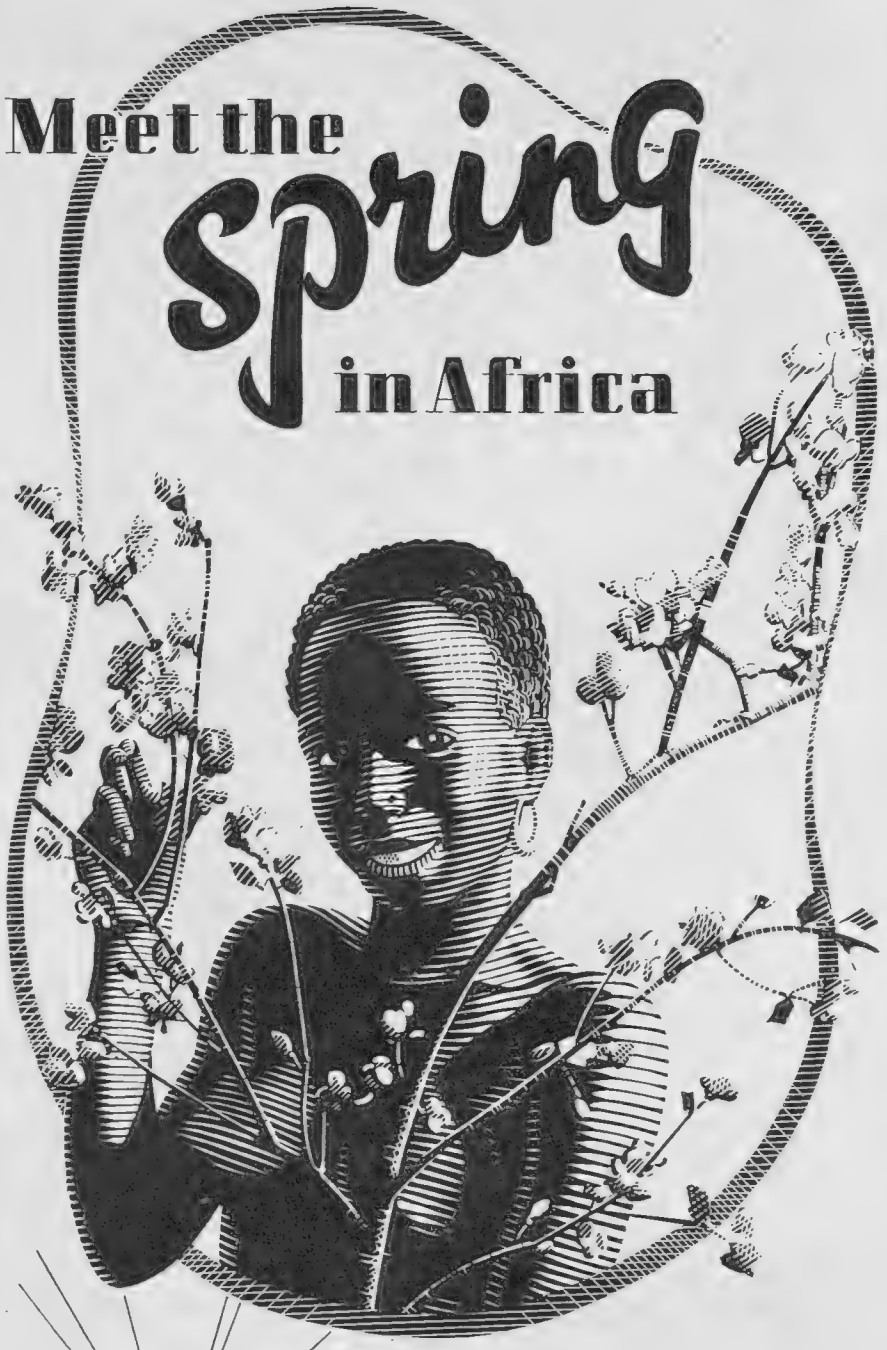

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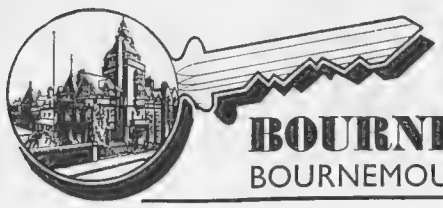

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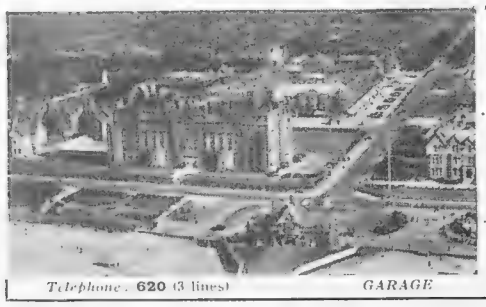

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In Quest of

January in London May be a Of Cold and Colds, But Britain

A NUMBER of districts in England can count on enjoying a large amount of fine, dry weather all the winter, and how I envy them! For in London—and very many other places — January is a month of rain and rheumatism, of cold and colds. So with the question of health uppermost in many people's minds this is a good moment to write about spas.

I wonder how many of my readers—only those who have never visited a spa, I feel certain—consider spas to be merely "clearing stations for old crocks"? What a false idea, yet I have a feeling that it is a common one! In fact the British spas are very much alive, and these curiously self-contained little communities often strike me as among the most interesting I find in my travels. Furthermore you can be pretty sure that a good hotel at a spa will be a very good one. At few other places do I find quite the same degree of genuine, restful comfort, the same minuteness of attention, the same facilities for relaxation and entertainment.

Perhaps best known to the general public are the great municipal spas—Harrogate, Droitwich, Bath, and the like. Each has its own separate character but common to all is the wholehearted efficiency with which they set about their beneficent task of healing. At Harrogate there is a choice of good hotels to suit all pockets: and with its magnificent situation and climate its visitors are far more numerous than merely those bent on a cure. Many people, I know, use it as a centre for business or holiday-making in all parts of Yorkshire.

The municipal effort which has elevated Droitwich to the top class of spas is worthy of record and admiration. Indeed the visitor to Droitwich cannot fail to be impressed—more indeed than at most of its rivals—with its concentration on the task in hand. The leading hotel is the Worcestershire Brine Baths and, as it is only a few months since I described it at length, I will not repeat myself. But remember that it is not the only good hotel in Droitwich. It has rivals in its own class and there are others too, which though smaller and cheaper are none the less entirely satisfactory of their kind.

Bath, that rare jewel among cities, must be by now well known to most of my readers, and beyond mentioning in passing the Pulteney, the Grand Pump Room, the Spa, and the Empire as being outstanding among its many fine hotels, I shall leave it to tell its own tale. But there is a second kind of spa, which I might call "miniature spas," though I must immediately make my meaning plain if I do. For I am not referring to places which are small in size, but to those which are owned or controlled privately instead of municipally. Of these the oldest and easily the greatest in reputation is

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Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Month of Rain and Rheumatism, Has its Favoured Places in the Sun

the world-famous Smedley's Hydro at Matlock. My experience of Smedley's is that it fully lives up to its reputation.

Another venture of a very similar kind, though much newer, is the Rheuma Spa at Abergele, on the main London–Holyhead road between St. Asaph and Abergele. It is easy to see that the Rheuma is gloriously situated, for I know of no scenery more likely to have a curative effect than the lovely mountains of North Wales. Moreover. it is extremely lucky to be so easy of access to the great cities of the north. At first glance North Wales seems a little remote, but when you consider that Abergele is within a comfortable day's motoring journey of London, and considerably nearer to practically every important city in England, you will admit that Dr. and Mrs. Lindley have chosen the locality for their adventure very shrewdly.

I use the word "adventure" because I think it is an adventure to start from nothing and challenge the most famous spas in Britain. For before this enterprising couple opened the Rheuma Spa in 1936 Abergele was unknown to either travellers or rheumatics. I have not yet had the opportunity to stay there myself, but I hear glowing accounts of it, and certainly from what I can see of its interesting brochure the Rheuma Spa is admirably equipped in every way for its work, and run by people who are determined to make a success of it. Personally I shall take the earliest opportunity which presents itself to go and see for myself.

No article on spas would be complete without mention of those enterprising hotels which, without calling themselves spas or offering a complete spa treatment yet provide curative baths of different sorts for the benefit of their guests, Lindon Hall, for instance at Bournemouth, the Granville, one of the Empire group at Ramsgate, and the Peebles Hydro are all well known examples of this sort of hotel.

I can hear a complaint from some of my readers, especially those who live in the south-east. "Why no mention of Tunbridge Wells?" So let me make haste to mention it. It is impossible to fit Tunbridge Wells into any of my three categories. For it is a municipally organised spa, but to compare it with Harrogate or Bath is to forget completely its peculiarly intimate amenities. Tunbridge Wells is a tiny place with all the attractions of smallness and quiet, and in the Spa Hotel it has an hotel well worthy of its own particular claim.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

A.A. *****

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel. Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl.. New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
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Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
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Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
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Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
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Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
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Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
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Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Hotel Majestic.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Boroughbridge, York (206).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl.Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St.,W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl.W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs,Wimbledon.
S.Kensington Htl.,Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel,Melville Crescent.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl.,via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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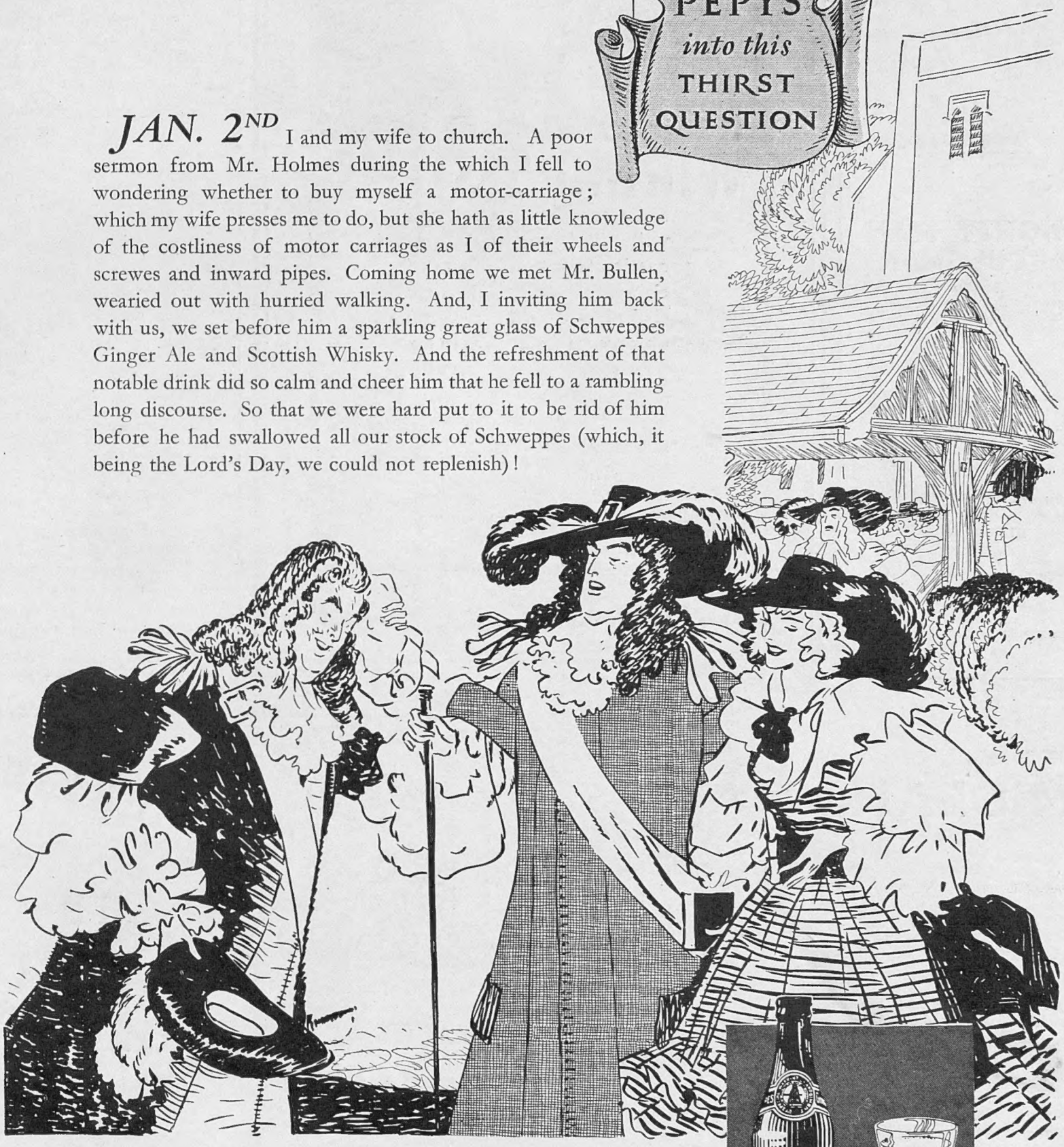
PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

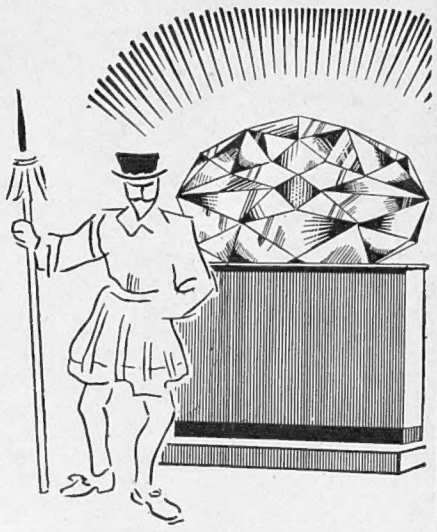
JAN. 2ND I and my wife to church. A poor sermon from Mr. Holmes during the which I fell to wondering whether to buy myself a motor-carriage; which my wife presses me to do, but she hath as little knowledge of the costliness of motor carriages as I of their wheels and screwes and inward pipes. Coming home we met Mr. Bullen, wearied out with hurried walking. And, I inviting him back with us, we set before him a sparkling great glass of Schweppes Ginger Ale and Scottish Whisky. And the refreshment of that notable drink did so calm and cheer him that he fell to a rambling long discourse. So that we were hard put to it to be rid of him before he had swallowed all our stock of Schweppes (which, it being the Lord's Day, we could not replenish)!



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS



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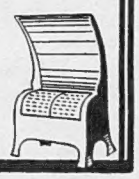

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Statement of Accounts, December 31, 1937

LIABILITIES	£
Capital paid up	15,152,811
Reserve Fund	12,404,799
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	497,796,590
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	12,079,911
Engagements	8,650,035
ASSETS	
Coin, Notes and Balances with the Bank of England	53,968,247
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	18,700,856
Money at Call and Short Notice	25,449,442
Investments at or under market value	117,386,191
Bills Discounted	30,625,876
British Treasury Bills	52,532,678
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	208,198,218
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	20,729,946
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	8,837,516
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	843,533
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	937,500
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of :	
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,755,707
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	3,141,173
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,540,326
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	436,937

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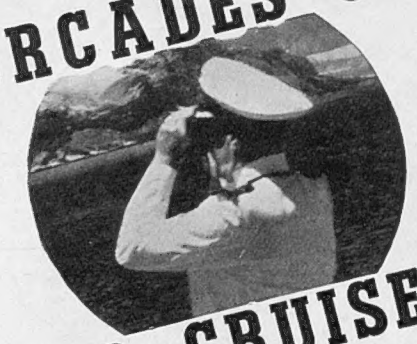

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I'm Jolly Well taking DAILY BOVRIL

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